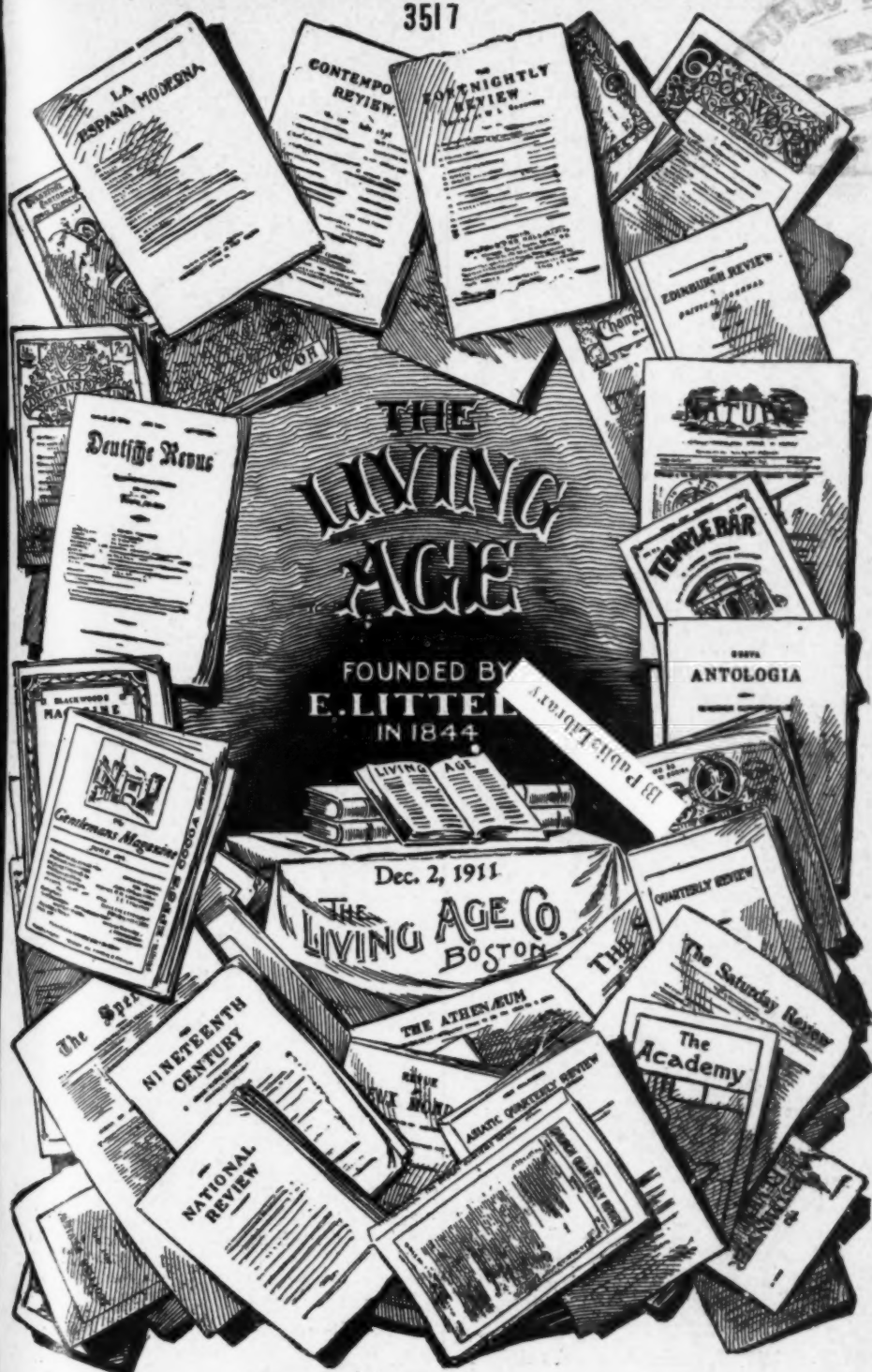



Creative Evolution and Philosophic Doubt. By the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour.

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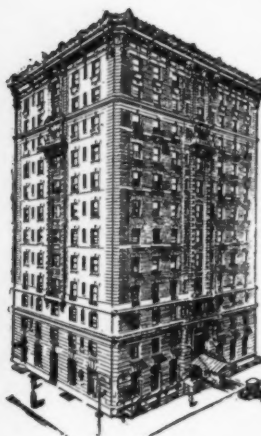
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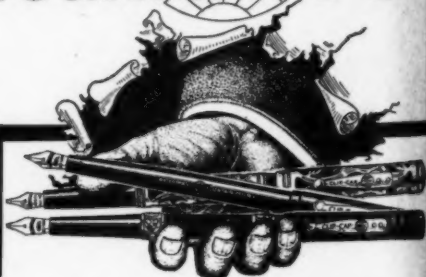
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SEVENTH SERIES }
VOLUME LIII. }

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In the Wood, etc.

IN THE WOOD.

I lie on Joy's enchanted ground:
No other noise but these green trees
That sigh and cling to every breeze;
And that deep solemn, hollow sound
Born of the grave, and made by
Bees.

Now do I think of this packed world,
Where thousands of rich people
sweat,
Like common slaves, in idle fret;
Not knowing how to buy with gold
This house of Joy, that makes no
debt.

What little wealth true Joy does need!
I pay for wants that make no show;
I pay my way and nothing owe;
I drink my ale, I smoke my weed,
And take my time where'er I go.

W. H. Davies.

The Westminster Gazette.

A SONG OF SYRINX.

Little lady, whom 'tis said
Pan tried very hard to please,
I expect before you fled
'Neath the wondering willow-trees,
Ran away from his caress
In the Doric wilderness,
That you'd led him on a lot,
Said you would, and then would not,—
No way to treat a man,
Little lady loved of Pan!

I expect you'd dropped your eyes
(Eyes that held your stream's own
hue,

Kingfishers and dragon-flies
Sparkling in their ripple blue),
And you'd tossed your tresses up,
Yellow as the cool king-cup,
And you'd dimpled at his vows
Underneath the willow boughs,
Ere you mocked him, ere you ran,
Little lady loved of Pan!

So they've turned you to a reed,
As the great Olympians could,
You've to bow, so they've decreed,
When old Pan comes through the
wood,

You've to curtsey and to gleam
In the wind and in the stream
(Which are forms, I've heard folks say,
That the god adopts to-day),
And we watch you bear your ban,
Little lady loved of Pan!

For in pleasant spots you lie
Where the lazy river is,
Where the chasing whispers fly
Through the beds of bulrushes,
Where the big chub, golden dun,
Turns his sides to catch the sun,
Where one listens for the queer
Voices in the splashing weir,
Where I know that still you can
Weave a spell to charm a man,
Little lady loved of Pan!

Punch.

THE COWARD.

Oh, to lie on the earth now, with eyes
to the ground,
And to see nothing—nothing,
While the world goes jangling
round. . . .

Oh, to lie in the leaves now, alone with
my pain,
And to feel nothing—nothing,
But the soft, cool drops of the rain. . . .

Oh, to lie on the hills now, in the deep
of the snow,
And to hear nothing—nothing,
While the day shrieks on below. . . .

Oh, to lie on the wind now, soaring
afar,
And to know nothing—nothing,
But the light of a changeless star. . . .
Laurence Alma Tadema.

CHRIST THE COMRADE.

Christ, by thine own darkened hour
Live within my heart and brain!
Let my hands not slip the rein.

Ah, how long ago it is
Since a comrade rode with me!
Now a moment let me see

Thyself, lonely in the dark,
Perfect, without wound or mark.
Padraic Colum.

CREATIVE EVOLUTION AND PHILOSOPHIC DOUBT.

BY THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

I.

I have been requested by the Editor of the *Hibbert Journal* to indicate the bearing which M. Bergson's *Evolution créatrice* has upon the line of speculation which I have long endeavored to recommend to those who are interested in such matters.

If I accept the invitation, it is not because I imagine that any widespread interest is felt in my philosophical opinions, still less because I suppose them to provide a standard of comparison against which such theories as those of M. Bergson may fittingly be measured. It is rather because, in dealing with a writer whose range is so wide, some limitation of commentary is desirable; and, in the nature of things, the limitation suggested by the Editor is the one most suited to my particular capacities. It may involve some appearance of egotism; but I trust the reader will understand that it is appearance only.

The problems in which philosophy is interested may, of course, be approached from many sides; and schemes of philosophy may be cast in many moulds. The great metaphysical systems—those which stand out as landmarks in the history of speculation—have commonly professed some all-inclusive theory of reality. In their theories of the one and the many, it is the one rather than any individual specimen of the many which has mainly interested them. In the sweep of their soaring speculation, the individual thinker, and the matters which most closely concern him, vanish into negligible particularity. There is room for them, of course, because in such systems there is room for everything. But they hardly count.

Now it must be owned that when the Universe is in question, we and our

affairs are very unimportant. But each several man has a position, as of right, in his own philosophy, from which nothing can exclude him. His theory of things, if he has one, is resolvable into separate beliefs, which are *his* beliefs. In so far as it is a reasoned theory, these beliefs must be rationally selected; and in every system of rationally selected beliefs there must be some which are accepted as inferences, while there must be others whose acceptability is native, not derived, which are believed on their own merits, and which, if the system were ever completed, would be the logical foundations of the whole. Some beliefs may indeed have both attributes; the light they give may be in part original, in part reflected. We may even conceive a system tentatively constructed out of elements which are first clearly seen to be true only when they are looked at as parts of a self-evident whole; cases in which one might almost say (but not quite) that the conclusion is the proof of the premises, rather than the premises of the conclusion.

It will be observed that this way of looking at philosophy makes each individual thinker the centre of his own system—not, of course, the most important element in it *as known*, but the final authority which justifies him in saying *he knows it*. The ideal order of beliefs as set out in such a system would be the order of logic—not necessarily formal logic, but at least an order of rational interdependence. There is, however, another way in which beliefs might be arranged, namely, the causal order. They may be looked at from the point of view proper to psychology, instead of from that proper to philosophy. They may be looked at not merely as premises but as causes,

not merely as conclusions but as effects; and so looked at, it is at once obvious that among the causes of belief reasons often play a very trifling part, and that among the effects of belief we cannot count conclusions which logically might be drawn, but in fact are not.

This general way of considering philosophic problems, which throws the primary stress not on what is, or is presumed to be, first in the absolute order of reality, nor first in order of practical interest, but what is first in order of logic for the individual thinker, was forced upon me (I speak of a time more than forty years ago) by a condition of things in the world of speculation which has since greatly changed. In those days, at least at the English Universities, the dominating influences were John Mill and Herbert Spencer—Mill even more than Spencer. Their doctrines, or a general attitude of mind in harmony with their doctrines, penetrated far more deeply into the mental tissue of the "enlightened" than has been the case with subsequent philosophies. The fashionable creed of advanced thinkers was scientific agnosticism. And the cardinal principles of scientific agnosticism taught that all knowledge was from experience, that all experience was of phenomena, that all we can learn from the experience of phenomena are the laws of phenomena, and that if these are not the real, then is the real unknowable. To their "credo" was appended an appropriate anathema, condemning all those who believed what they could not prove, as sinners against reason and truth.

Theories like these were a challenge; a challenge, however, that could be taken up in more ways than one. It might be said, as metaphysics and theology did say, that reason, properly interrogated, carries us far beyond phenomena and the laws of phenomena. On the other hand, attention might be

concentrated not on what the agnostics said was unknowable, but on what they said was known. If the great desideratum is untrammelled criticism of beliefs, let us begin with the beliefs of "positive knowledge." If we are to believe nothing but what we can prove, let us see what it is that we *can* prove.

I attempted some studies on these lines in a work¹ published in 1879. And I am still of opinion that the theory of experience and of induction from experience needs further examination; that the relation between a series of beliefs connected logically, and the same beliefs mixed up in a natural series of causes and effects, involves speculative difficulties of much interest; and that investigations into the ultimate grounds of belief had better begin with the beliefs which everybody holds than with those which are held only by a philosophic or religious minority.

It is true that isolated fragments of these problems have long interested philosophers. Achilles still pursues the tortoise, and the difficulties of the chase still provide a convenient text on which to preach conflicting doctrines of the Infinite. The question as to what exactly is given in immediate experience, and by what logical or inductive process anything can be inferred from it, the nature of causation, the grounds of our conviction that nature follows laws, how a law can be discovered, and whether following laws is the same as having a determined order—these, or some of these, have no doubt been subjects of debate. But even now there is not, so far as I know, any thoroughgoing treatment of the subject as I conceive it; and certainly Mill, who was supposed, at the time of which I have been speaking, to have uttered the last word on empirical inference, stared helplessly at its difficulties through two volumes of logic, and left them unsolved at the end.

¹"A Defence of 'Philosophic Doubt.'"

It was not on these lines, however, that the reaction against the reigning school of philosophy was to be pursued. In the last twenty years or so of the nineteenth century came (in England) the great idealist revival. For the first time since Locke the general stream of British philosophy rejoined, for good or evil, the main continental river. And I should suppose that now in 1911 the bulk of philosophers belong to the neo-Kantian or neo-Hegelian school. I do not know that this has greatly influenced either the general public or the scientific world. But, without question, it has greatly affected not merely professed philosophers, but students of theology with philosophic leanings. The result has been that whereas, when Mill and Spencer dominated the schools, "naturalism" was thought to have philosophy at its back, that advantage, for what it is worth, was transferred to religion. I do not mean that philosophy became the ally of any particular form of orthodoxy, but that it advocated a spiritual view of the Universe, and was therefore quite inconsistent with "naturalism."

Though I may not count myself as an idealist, I can heartily rejoice in the result. But it could obviously give me very little assistance in my own attempts to develop the negative speculations of philosophic doubt into a constructive, if provisional, system. With the arguments of *Foundations of Belief* I do not propose to trouble the reader. But it may make clearer what I have to say about *L'Evolution créatrice* if I mention that (among other conclusions) I arrive at the conviction that in accepting science, as we all do, we are moved by "values," not by logic. That if we examine fearlessly the grounds on which judgments about the material world are founded, we shall find that they rest on postulates about which it is equally impossible to say that we can

theoretically regard them as self-evident, or practically treat them as doubtful. We can neither prove them nor give them up. "Concede" (I argued) the same philosophic weight to values in departments of speculation which look beyond the material world, and naturalism will have to be abandoned. But the philosophy of science would not lose thereby. On the contrary, an extension of view beyond phenomena diminishes rather than increases the theoretical difficulties with which bare naturalism is beset. It is not by a mere reduction in the area of our beliefs that, in the present state of our knowledge, certainty and consistency are to be reached. Such a reduction could not be justified by philosophy. But, justifiable or not, it would be quite impracticable. "Values" refuse to be ignored.

A scheme of thought so obviously provisional has no claim to be a system. And the question therefore arises—at least, it arises for me—whether the fruitful philosophic labors of the last twenty years have found answers to the problem which I find most perplexing? I cannot pretend to have followed as closely as I should have desired the recent developments of speculation in Britain and America—still less in Germany, France, or Italy. Even were it otherwise, I could not profitably discuss them within the compass of an article. But the invitation to consider from this point of view a work so important as *L'Evolution créatrice*, by an author so distinguished as M. Bergson, I have found irresistible.

II.

There cannot be a topic which provides a more fitting text for what I have to say in this connection than Freedom. To the idealist, Absolute spirit is free; though when we come to the individual soul I am not sure that its share of freedom amounts (in most

systems) to very much. To the naturalistic thinker there is, of course, no Absolute, and no soul. Psychic phenomena are a function of the nervous system. The nervous system is material, and obeys the laws of matter. Its behavior is as rigidly determined as the planetary orbits, and might be accurately deduced by a being sufficiently endowed with powers of calculation, from the distribution of matter, motion, and force, when the solar system was still nebular. To me, who am neither idealist nor naturalist, freedom is a reality; partly because, on ethical grounds, I am not prepared to give it up; partly because any theory which, like "naturalism," requires reason to be mechanically determined, is (I believe) essentially incoherent; and if we abandon mechanical determinism in the case of reason, it seems absurd to retain it in the case of will; partly because it seems impossible to find room for the self and its psychic states in the interstices of a rigid sequence of material causes and effects. Yet the material sequence is there; the self and its states are there; and I do not pretend to have arrived at a satisfactory view of their reciprocal relations. I keep them both, conscious of their incompatibilities.

A bolder line is taken by M. Bergson, and his point of view, be it right or wrong, is certainly far more interesting. He is not content with refusing to allow mechanical or any other form of determinism to dominate life. He makes freedom the very cornerstone of his system—freedom in its most aggressive shape. Life is free, life is spontaneous, life is incalculable. It is not indeed out of relation to matter, for matter clogs and hampers it. But not by matter is its direction wholly determined, not from matter is its forward impulse derived.

As we know it upon this earth, organic life resembles some great river system, pouring in many channels

across the plain. One stream dies away sluggishly in the sand, another loses itself in some inland lake, while a third, more powerful or more fortunate, drives its tortuous and arbitrary windings further and yet further from the snows that gave it birth.

The metaphor, for which M. Bergson should not be made responsible, may serve to emphasize some leading portions of his theory. What the banks of the stream are to its current, that is matter generally, and the living organism in particular, to terrestrial life. They modify its course; they do not make it flow. So life presses on by its own inherent impulse; not unhampered by the inert mass through which it flows, yet constantly struggling with it, eating patiently into the most recalcitrant rock, breaking through the softer soil in channels the least foreseen, never exactly repeating its past, never running twice the same course. The metaphor, were it completed, would suggest that as the rivers, through all the windings imposed on them by the channel which they themselves have made, press ever towards the sea, so life has some end to which its free endeavors are directed. But this is not M. Bergson's view. He objects to teleology only less than to mechanical determinism. And, if I understand him aright, the vital impulse has no goal more definite than that of acquiring an ever fuller volume of free creative activity.

But what in M. Bergson's theory corresponds to the sources of these multitudinous streams of life? Whence come they? The life we see—the life of plants, of animals, of men—have their origin in the single life which he calls super-consciousness, above matter and beyond it; which divides, like the snow-fields of our simile, into various lines of flow, corresponding to the lines of organic development, described by evolutionary biology. But

as the original source of organic life is 'free, indeterminate, and incalculable, so this quality never utterly disappears from its derivative streams, entangled and thwarted though they be by matter. Life, even the humblest life, does not wholly lose its original birthright, nor does it succumb completely to its mechanical environment.

Now it is evident that if the ultimate reality is this free creative activity, time must occupy a position in M. Bergson's philosophy quite other than that which it holds in any of the great metaphysical systems. For in these, time and temporal relation are but elements within an Absolute, itself conceived as timeless; whereas M. Bergson's Absolute almost resolves itself into time—evolving, as it were by a free effort, new forms at each instant of a continuous flow. A true account of the Absolute would therefore take the form of history. It would tell us of the Absolute that has been and is, the Absolute "up to date." Of the Absolute that is to be, no account can be given; its essential contingency puts its future beyond the reach of any powers of calculation, even were those powers infinite in their grasp.

Now this view of reality, expounded by its author with a wealth of scientific as well as of philosophical knowledge which must make his writings fascinating and instructive to those who least agree with them, suggests far more questions than it would be possible merely to catalogue, much less to discuss, within the limits of this paper. But there is one aspect of the theory from my point of view of fundamental interest, on which something must be said—I mean the relation of M. Bergson's free creative consciousness to organized life and to unorganized matter—to that physical Universe with which biology, chemistry, and physics are concerned.

This subject may be considered from

three points of view: (1) the relation of organic life to the matter in which it is immersed; (2) the relation of primordial life and consciousness to matter in general; (3) our justification for arriving at conclusions under either of these heads.

M. Bergson, while denying that life—will—consciousness, as we know them on this earth of ours, are mere functions of the material organism, does not, as we have seen, deny that they, in a sense, depend on it. They depend on it as a workman depends on a tool. It limits him, though he uses it.

Now the way in which life uses the organism in which it is embodied is by releasing at will the energy which the organism has obtained directly or indirectly from the sun—directly in the case of plants, indirectly in the case of animals. The plants hoard much but use little. The animals appropriate their savings.

To M. Bergson, therefore, organized life essentially shows itself in the sudden and quasi-explosive release of these accumulations. Indeed he carries this idea so far as to suggest that any material system which should store energy by arresting its degradation to some lower level,² and should produce effects by its sudden liberation, would exhibit something in the nature of life. But this is surely going too far. There are plenty of machines used for manufacturing or domestic purposes which do just this; while in the realm of nature there seems no essential physical distinction between (on the one hand) the storing up of solar radiation by plants and its discharge in muscular action; and (on the other) the slow production of aqueous vapor, and its discharge during a thunder-storm in torrential rain. Yet all would admit that the

² This refers to the second law of thermodynamics. It is interesting to observe that M. Bergson regards this as philosophically more important than the first law.

first is life, while the second is but mechanism.

It is rash to suggest that a thinker like M. Bergson has wrongly emphasized his own doctrines. Yet I venture, with great diffidence, to suggest that the really important point in this part of his theory, the point where his philosophy breaks finally with "mechanism," the point where freedom and indeterminism are really introduced into the world of space and matter, is only indirectly connected with the bare fact that in organic life accumulated energy is released. What is really essential is the *manner* of its release. If the release be effected by pure mechanism, fate still reigns supreme. If, on the other hand, there be anything in the mode of release, however trifling, which could not be exhaustively accounted for by the laws of matter and motion, then freedom gains a foothold in the very citadel of necessity. Make the hair trigger which is to cause the discharge as delicate as you please, yet if it be pulled by forces dependent wholly upon the configuration and energy of the material universe at the moment, you are nothing advanced. Determinism still holds you firmly in its grip. But if there be introduced into the system a new force—in other words, a new creation—though it be far too minute for any instrument to register, then if it either pull the trigger or direct the explosion, the reality of contingency is established, and our whole conception of the physical world is radically transformed.

This, I conceive, must be M. Bergson's view. But his theory of the relation between life—freedom—will, on the one side, and matter on the other, goes much further than the mere assertion that there is in fact an element of contingency in the movements of living organisms. For he regards this both as a consequence and as a sign of

an effort made by creative will to bring mechanism more and more under the control of freedom. Such efforts have, as biology tells us, often proved abortive. Some successes that have been won have had again to be surrendered. Advance, as in the case of many parasites, has been followed by retrogression. By comparing the molluscs, whose torpid lives have been repeating themselves without sensible variation through all our geological records, with man, in whom is embodied the best we know of consciousness and will, we may measure the success which has so far attended the efforts of super-consciousness in this portion of the Universe.

I say, in this portion of the Universe, because M. Bergson thinks it not only possible but probable that elsewhere in space the struggle between freedom and necessity, between life and matter, may be carried on through the sudden liberation of other forms of energy than those which plants accumulate by forcibly divorcing the oxygen and the carbon atoms combined in our atmosphere. The speculation is interesting, though, from the point of view of science, somewhat hazardous. From the point of view of M. Bergson's metaphysic, however, it is almost a necessity. For his metaphysic, like every metaphysic, aims at embracing all reality; and as the relation between life and matter is an essential part of it, the matter with which he deals cannot be restricted to that which constitutes our negligible fraction of the physical world.

But what, according to his metaphysic, is the relation of life, consciousness, in general, to matter in general? His theory of *organic* life cannot stand alone. For it does not get us beyond individual living things, struggling freely, but separately, with their own organisms, with each other, and with the inert mass of the physical world which lies around them. But what the

history of all this may be, whence comes individual life, and whence comes matter, and what may be the fundamental relation between the two, this has still to be explained.

And, frankly, the task of explanation for any one less gifted than M. Bergson himself is not an easy one. The first stage, indeed, whether easy or not, is at least familiar. M. Bergson thinks, with other great masters of speculation, that consciousness, life, spirit is the *prius* of all that is, be it physical or mental. But let me repeat that the *prius* is, in his view, no all-inclusive absolute, of which our world, the world evolving in time, is but an aspect or phase. His theory, whatever its subsequent difficulties may be, is less remote from common-sense. For duration with him is, as we have seen, something pre-eminently real. It is not to be separated from the creative consciousness. It is no abstract emptiness, filled up by successive happenings, placed (as it were) end to end. It must rather be regarded as an agent in that continuous process of free creation which is life itself.

Since, then, consciousness and matter are not to be regarded as entities of independent origin, ranged against one another from eternity, like the good and evil principles of Zoroaster, what is the relation between them? If I understand M. Bergson aright, matter must be regarded as a by-product of the evolutionary process. The primordial consciousness falls, as it were, asunder. On the one side it rises to an ever fuller measure of creative freedom; on the other, it lapses into matter, determinism, mechanical adjustment, space. Space with him, therefore, is not, as with most other philosophers, a correlative of Time. It has not the same rank (whatever that may be) in the hierarchy of being. For, while Time is of the essence of primordial activity, Space is but the limiting term of

those material elements which are no more than its backwash.

I do not, of course, for a moment delude myself into the belief that I have made these high speculations clear and easy. The reader, justly incensed by my rendering of M. Bergson's doctrine, must find his remedy in M. Bergson's own admirable exposition. I may, however, have done enough to enable me to make intelligible certain difficulties which press upon me, and may, perhaps, press also upon others.

III.

Hegel's imposing system professed to exhibit the necessary stages in the timeless evolution of the Idea. Has M. Bergson any corresponding intention? The evolution, to be sure, with which he deals is not timeless; on the contrary, it is, as we have seen, most intimately welded to duration—a difference of which I am the last to complain. This, however, taken by itself, need be no bar to explanation. But how if we take it in connection with his fundamental principle that creative evolution is essentially indeterminate and contingent? How can the movements of the indeterminate and the contingent be explained? I should myself have supposed the task impossible. But M. Bergson holds that events which, because they are contingent, even infinite powers of calculation could not foresee, may yet be accounted for, even by our very modest powers of thought, after they have occurred. I own this somewhat surprises me. And my difficulty is increased by the reflection that free consciousness pursues no final end, it follows no predetermined design. It struggles, it expends itself in effort, it stretches ever towards completer freedom, but it has no plans. Now, when we are dealing with a fragment of this consciousness embodied in a human being, we regard ourselves as having "explained" his ac-

tion when we have obtained a rough idea of his objects and of his opportunities. We know, of course, that our explanation must be imperfect; we know ourselves to be ignorant of innumerable elements required for a full comprehension of the problem. But we are content with the best that can be got—and this “best,” be it observed, is practically the same whether we believe in determinism or believe in free will. Of primordial consciousness, however, we know neither the objects nor the opportunities. It follows no designs, it obeys no laws. The sort of explanation, therefore, which satisfies us when we are dealing with one of its organic embodiments, seems hard of attainment in the case of primordial consciousness itself. I cannot, at least, persuade myself that M. Bergson has attained it. Why should free consciousness first produce, and then, as it were, shed, mechanically determined matter? Why, having done so, should it set to work to permeate this same matter with contingency? Why should it allow itself to be split up by matter into separate individualities? Why, in short, should it ever have engaged in that long and doubtful battle between freedom and necessity which we call organic evolution?

It may be replied that these objections, or objections of like pattern, may be urged against any cosmogony whatever; that the most successful philosophy cannot hope to smooth away all difficulties; and that in metaphysics, as in other affairs, we must be content, not with the best we can imagine, but with the least imperfect we can obtain. To this modest programme I heartily subscribe. Yet fully granting that, in the present state of our knowledge, every metaphysic must be defective, we cannot accept any particular metaphysic without some grounds of belief, be they speculative, empirical, or practical; and the question therefore arises

—On what grounds are we asked to accept the metaphysic of M. Bergson?

This brings us to what is perhaps the most suggestive, and is certainly the most difficult, portion of his whole doctrine—I mean his theory of knowledge. The magnitude of that difficulty will be at once realized when I say that in M. Bergson's view not reason, but instinct, brings us into the closest touch, the directest relation, with what is most real in the Universe. For reason is at home, not with life and freedom, but with matter, mechanism, and space—the waste products of the creative impulse. We need not wonder, then, that reason should feel at home in the realm of matter; that it should successfully cut up the undivided flow of material change into particular sequences which are repeated, or are capable of repetition, and which exemplify “natural laws”; that it should manipulate long trains of abstract mathematical inference, and find that their remotest conclusion fits closely to observed fact. For matter and reason own, according to M. Bergson, a common origin; and the second was evolved in order that we might cope successfully with the first.

Instinct, which finds its greatest development among bees and ants, though incomparably inferior to reason in its range, is yet in touch with a higher order of truth, for it is in touch with life itself. In the perennial struggle between freedom and necessity which began when life first sought to introduce contingency into matter, everything, it seems, could not be carried along the same line of advance. Super-consciousness was like an army suddenly involved in a new and difficult country. If the infantry took one route, the artillery must travel by another. The powers of creation would have been overtasked had it been attempted to develop the instinct of the bee along the same evolutionary track

as the reason of the man. But man is not, therefore, wholly without instinct, nor does he completely lack the powers of directly apprehending life. In rare moments of tension, when his whole being is wound up for action, when memory seems fused with will and desire into a single impulse to *do*,—*then* he knows freedom, *then* he touches reality, *then* he consciously sweeps along with the advancing wave of Time, which, as it moves, creates.

However obscure to reflective thought such mystic utterances may seem, many will read them with a secret sympathy. But, from the point of view occupied by M. Bergson's own philosophy, do they not suggest questions of difficulty? How comes it that if instinct be the appropriate organ for apprehending free reality, bees and ants, whose range of freedom is so small, should have so much of it? How comes it that man, the freest animal of them all, should specially delight himself in the exercise of reason, the faculty brought into existence to deal with matter and necessity? M. Bergson is quite aware of the paradox, but does he anywhere fully explain it?

This is, however, comparatively speaking, a small matter. The difficulties which many will find in the system, as I have just described it, lie deeper. Their first inclination will be to regard it as a fantastic construction, in many parts difficult of comprehension, in no part capable of proof. They will attach no evidential value to the unverified visions attributed to the Hymenoptera, and little to the flashes of illumination enjoyed by man. The whole scheme will seem to them arbitrary and unreal, owing more to poetical imagination than to scientific knowledge or philosophic insight.

Such a judgment would certainly be wrong; and if made at all, will, I fear, be due in no small measure to my imperfect summary. The difficulties of

such a summary are indeed very great, not through the defects but the merits of the author summarized. The original picture is so rich in suggestive detail that adequate reproduction on a smaller scale is barely possible. Moreover, M. Bergson's *Evolution créatrice* is not merely a philosophic treatise, it has all the charms and all the audacities of a work of Art, and as such defies adequate reproduction. Yet let no man regard it as an unsubstantial vision. One of its peculiarities is the intimate, and, at first sight, the singular, mingling of minute scientific statement with the boldest metaphysical speculation. This is not accidental; it is of the essence of M. Bergson's method. For his metaphysic may, in a sense, be called empirical. It is no *a priori* construction, any more than it is a branch of physics or biology. It is a philosophy, but a philosophy which never wearies in its appeals to concrete science.

If, for example, you ask why M. Bergson supposes a common super-physical source for the diverging lines of organic evolution, he would say that, with all their differences, they showed occasional similarities of development not otherwise to be explained; and in proof he would compare the eye of the man with the eye of the mollusc. If, again, you asked him why, after crediting this common source of organic life with consciousness and will, he refuses it purpose, he would reply that evolution showed the presence of "drive," "impulse," creative "effort," but no plan of operations, and many failures. If you asked him why he supposed that matter as well as life was due to primordial consciousness, he would say (as we have seen) that in no other manner can you account for the ease and success with which reason measures, classifies, and calculates when it is dealing with the material world. Plainly this pre-established harmony is

best accounted for by a common origin.

It must be owned that in M. Bergson's dexterous hands this form of argument from the present to the past is almost too supple. Whether diverging lines of development show unlooked-for similarities or puzzling discords is all one to him. Either event finds him ready. In the first case the phenomenon is simply accounted for by community of origin; in the second case it is accounted for—less simply—by his doctrine that each particular evolutionary road is easily overcrowded, and that if creative will insists on using it, something must be dropped by the way.

Even the most abstruse and subtle parts of his system make appeal to natural science. Consider, for example, the sharp distinction which he draws between the operations of mechanism and reason on the one side, creation and instinct on the other. Reason, analyzing some very complex organ like the eye and its complementary nervous structure, perceives that it is compounded of innumerable minute elements, each of which requires the nicest adjustment if it is to serve its purpose, and all of which are mutually interdependent. It tries to imagine external and mechanical methods by which this intricate puzzle could have been put together—*e.g.*, selection out of chance variations. In M. Bergson's opinion, all such theories—true, no doubt, as far as they go—are inadequate. He supplements or replaces them by quite a different view. From the external and mechanical standpoint necessarily adopted by reason, the complexity seems infinite, the task of co-ordination impossible. But looked at from the inside, from the position which creation occupies and instinct comprehends, there is no such complexity and no such difficulty. Observe how certain kinds of wasp, when paralyzing their victim, show a knowl-

edge of anatomy which no morphologist could surpass, and a skill which few surgeons could equal. Are we to suppose these dexterities to be the result of innumerable experiments somehow bred into the race? Or are we to suppose it the result, *e.g.*, of natural selection working upon minute variation? Or are we to suppose it due to some important mutation? No, says M. Bergson; none of these explanations, nor any like them, are admissible. If the problem was one of mechanism, if it were as complicated as reason, contemplating it from without, necessarily supposes, then it would be insoluble. But to the wasp it is not insoluble; for the wasp looks at it from within, and is in touch, through instinct, with life itself.

This enumeration is far from exhausting the biological arguments which M. Bergson draws from his ample stores in favor of his views on the beginnings of organic life. Yet I cannot feel that even he succeeds in quarrying out of natural science foundations strong enough to support the full weight of his metaphysic. Even if it be granted (and by naturalistic thinkers it will not be granted) that life always carries with it a trace of freedom or contingency, and that this grows greater as organisms develop, why should we therefore suppose that life existed before its first humble beginnings on this earth, why should we call it super-consciousness? M. Bergson regards matter as the dam which keeps back the rush of life. Organize it a little (as in the Protozoa)—*i.e.* slightly raise the sluice—and a little life will squeeze through. Organize it elaborately (as in man)—*i.e.* raise the sluice a good deal—and much life will squeeze through. Now this may be a very plausible opinion if the flood of life be really there, beating against matter till it forces an entry through the narrow slit of undifferentiated pro-

toplasm. But is it there? Science, modestly professing ignorance, can stumble along without it; and I question whether philosophy, with only scientific data to work upon, can establish its reality.

In truth, when we consider the manner in which M. Bergson uses his science to support his metaphysic, we are reminded of the familiar theistic argument from design, save that most of the design is left out. Theologians were wont to point to the marvellous adjustments with which the organic world abounds, and ask whether such intelligent contrivances did not compel belief in an intelligent contriver. The argument evidently proceeds on the principle that when all imaginable physical explanations fail, appeal may properly be made to an explanation which is metaphysical. Now, I do not say that this is either bad logic or bad philosophy; but I do say that it supplies no solid or immutable basis for a metaphysic. Particular applications of it are always at the mercy of new scientific discovery. Applications of the greatest possible plausibility were, as we all know, made meaningless by Darwin's discovery. Adaptations which seemed to supply conclusive proofs of design were found to be explicable, at least in the first instance, by natural selection. What has happened before may happen again. The apparently inexplicable may find an explanation within the narrowest limits of natural science. Mechanism may be equal to playing the part which a spiritual philosophy had assigned to consciousness. When, therefore, M. Bergson tells us that the appearance of an organ so peculiar as the eye in lines of evolution so widely separated as the molluscs and the vertebrates implies not only a common ancestral origin, but a common *pre-ancestral* origin; or when he points out how hard it is to account for certain most complicated

cases of adaptation by any known theory of heredity, we may admit the difficulty, yet hesitate to accept the solution. We feel the peril of basing our beliefs upon a kind of ignorance which may at any moment be diminished or removed.

Now, I do not suggest that M. Bergson's system, looked at as a whole, suffers from this kind of weakness. On the contrary, I think that if the implications of his system be carefully studied, it will be seen that he draws support from sources of a very different kind, and in particular from two which *must* be drawn upon (as I think) if the inadequacy of naturalism is to be fully revealed.

The first is the theory of knowledge. If naturalism be accepted, then our whole apparatus for arriving at truth, all the beliefs in which that truth is embodied, reason, instinct, and their legitimate results, are the product of irrational forces. If they are the product of irrational forces, whence comes their authority? If to this it be replied that the principles of evolution, which naturalism accepts from science, would tend to produce faculties adapted to the discovery of truth, I reply, in the first place, that this is no solution of the difficulty, and wholly fails to extricate us from the logical circle. I reply, in the second place, that the only faculties which evolution, acting through natural selection, would tend to produce, are those which enable individuals, or herds, or societies to survive. Speculative capacity—the capacity, for example, to frame a naturalistic theory of the Universe—if we have it at all, must be a by-product. What nature is really concerned with is that we should eat, breed and bring up our young. The rest is accident.

Now M. Bergson does not directly interest himself in this negative argument, on which I have dwelt else-

where.³ But I think his whole constructive theory of reason and instinct is really based on the impossibility of accepting blind mechanism as the source—the efficient cause—of all our knowledge of reality. His theory is difficult. I am not sure that I am competent either to explain or to criticize it. But it seems to me clear that, great as is the width of scientific detail with which it is illustrated and enforced, its foundations lie far deeper than the natural sciences can dig.

But it is not only in his theory of knowledge that he shows himself to be moved by considerations with which science has nothing to do. Though the point is not explicitly pressed, it is plain that he takes account of "values," and is content with no philosophy which wholly ignores them. Were it otherwise, could he speak as he does of "freedom," of "creative will," of the "joy" (as distinguished from the pleasure) which fittingly accompanies it? Could he represent the Universe as the battle-ground between the opposing forces of freedom and necessity? Could he look on matter as "the enemy"? Could he regard mechanism, determinateness, all that matter stands for, as not merely in process of subjugation, but as things that *ought* to be subdued by the penetrating energies of free consciousness?

This quasi-ethical idea is infinitely removed from pure naturalism. It is almost as far removed from any ideal which could be manufactured out of empirical science alone, even granting what naturalism refuses to grant, that organized life exhibits traces of contingency. M. Bergson, if I correctly read his mind, refuses—I think, rightly refuses—to tolerate, conceptions so ruinous to "values" as these must inevitably prove. But can his own conception of the Universe stand where he

has placed it? By introducing creative will behind development, he has no doubt profoundly modified the whole evolutionary drama. Matter and mechanism have lost their pride of place. Consciousness has replaced them. The change seems great; nay, it is great. But if things remain exactly where M. Bergson leaves them, is the substantial difference so important as we might at first suppose? What is it that consciousness strives for? What does it accomplish? It strives to penetrate matter with contingency. Why, I do not know. But concede the worth of the enterprise. What measure of success can it possibly attain? A certain number of organic molecules develop into more or less plastic instruments of consciousness and will; consciousness and will, thus armed, inflict a few trifling scratches on the outer crust of our world, and perhaps of worlds elsewhere, but the huge mass of matter remains and must remain what it has always been—the undisputed realm of lifeless determinism. Freedom, when all has happened that can happen, creeps humbly on its fringe.

I suggest, with great respect, that in so far as M. Bergson has devised his imposing scheme of metaphysic in order to avoid the impotent conclusions of Naturalism, he has done well. As the reader knows, I most earnestly insist that no philosophy can at present be other than provisional; and that, in framing a provisional philosophy, "values" may be, and must be, taken into account. My complaint, if I have one, is not that M. Bergson goes too far in this direction, but that he does not go far enough. He somewhat mars his scheme by what is, from *this* point of view, too hesitating and uncertain a treatment.

It is true that he has left naturalism far behind. His theory of a primordial super-consciousness, not less than his theory of freedom, separates him

³ "Philosophic Doubt and Foundation," ch.
xiii.

from this school of thought as decisively as his theory of duration, with its corollary of an ever-growing and developing reality, divides him from the great idealists. It is true also that, according to my view, his metaphysic is religious: since I deem the important philosophic distinction between religious and non-religious metaphysic to be that God, or whatever in the system corresponds to God, does in the former *take sides* in a moving drama, while, with more consistency, but far less truth, he is, in the non-religious system, represented as indifferently related to all the multiplicity of which he constitutes the unity.⁴

Now, M. Bergson's super-consciousness does certainly take sides, and, as we have seen, his system suffers to the full from the familiar difficulty to which, in one shape or another, all religious systems (as defined) are liable, namely, that the evils or the defects against which the Creator is waging war are evils and defects in a world of His own creating. But as M. Bergson has gone thus far in opposition both to naturalistic and to metaphysical orthodoxies, would not his scheme gain if he went yet further? Are there no other "values" which he would do well to consider? His super-consciousness has already some quasi-æsthetic and quasi-moral qualities. We must attribute to it joy in full creative effort, and a corresponding alienation from those branches of the evolution-

ary stem which, preferring ease to risk and effort, have remained stationary, or even descended in the organic scale. It may be that other values are difficult to include in his scheme, especially if he too rigorously banishes teleology. But why should he banish teleology? In his philosophy super-consciousness is so indeterminate that it is not permitted to hamper itself with any purpose more definite than that of self-augmentation. It is ignorant not only of its course, but of its goal; and for the sufficient reason that, in M. Bergson's view, these things are not only unknown, but unknowable. But is there not a certain incongruity between the substance of such a philosophy and the sentiments associated with it by its author? Creation, freedom, will—these doubtless are great things; but we cannot lastingly admire them unless we know their drift. We cannot, I submit, rest satisfied with what differs so little from the haphazard; joy is no fitting consequent of efforts which are so nearly aimless. If values are to be taken into account, it is surely better to invoke God with a purpose, than supra-consciousness with none.

Yet these deficiencies, if deficiencies they be, do little to diminish the debt of gratitude we owe to M. Bergson. Apart altogether from his admirable criticisms, his psychological insight, his charms of style, there is permanent value in his theories. And those who, like myself, find little satisfaction in the all-inclusive unification of the idealist systems; who cannot, either on rational or any other grounds, accept naturalism as a creed, will always turn with interest and admiration to this brilliant experiment in philosophic construction, so far removed from both.

⁴ This view, at greater length and therefore with much less crudity, is expounded in "Foundations of Belief," p. 308. Since writing this portion of the text I have seen Professor William James' posthumous volume, where an opposite opinion seems to be expressed. I do not think, however, that our disagreement is substantiated. I think he means no more than I myself indicated earlier in this article. Let me add, that the last opinion I desire to express is that absolute idealists are not religious.

MRS. GASKELL.

In the pleasant bustle of the Thackeray centennial it seems a pity that Mrs. Gaskell, the "authoress" always so winsome with the old public, was not more widely and lovingly remembered on her hundredth birthday. She had, to be sure, her new edition, and has now, forty-six years after her death, the tardy biography. But the bookish world has made only a careless return to the shrine of her considerable graces.

Yet the fame of Mrs. Gaskell has never been bewitched to oblivion. Seldom is a writer more beloved for one book, or perhaps for two. But if we will trouble ourselves to rummage among her plentiful writings, we come with odd regret, as at a pleasure almost missed, upon a multitude of stories dear to her contemporaries, known to us only in name or perhaps not at all. We find them pale from long sojourn in the dark places of neglect—but still alive with a curious modernity of power set in a quaintness of style and taste. Here is a world unquestionably of the past, more evasive than the strong, hurtling clamor of Scott, the full-peopled bustle of Dickens, the prim outrageousness of the Brontës, or the bright, sane days behind Jane Austen's window. But it is a world in itself which seems to touch, by a strange contradiction, the borders of the eighteenth and the twentieth centuries.

At our first stroll beyond the close-hedged paths of Cranford, the voices of the past sound far clearer than the complex medley of to-day. We are in an authentic world of human folk, but not a part of it, present at actual doings and yet-invisible, as some of us feel with our glasses on. But we need the glasses; it is hard even then to realize that Mrs. Gaskell belongs to the heyday of the modern novel. And our

sense of anachronism comes naturally from her limitation. Her great contemporaries kept for the most part somewhat in advance of their age, since the native way of genius is to pioneer, to push ahead of public demand. How else would come the necessary friction to light its path? But Mrs. Gaskell is apt to show a singular pliancy, bending with intuitive suavity to the predilections of her readers, to those secret indulgences of which they are perhaps unconscious, modestly regardless, at least in early years, that her own instinct would be a better guide. Dickens might carry the public by storm; Thackeray sting it to a healthy resentment; but in so far as it was well-disposed, Mrs. Gaskell, delicately sensitive to circumstance and environing influence, would conform to it with a gracious and yielding complaisance. Hence appears in her work that contradiction of retrocession and progress, of vagueness and distinction of aim, which baffles an attempt at strict analysis, except in so far as it is found always feminine, refined by a high-bred and effective womanhood.

The quaintness is only superficially a matter of style, though the mild euphemisms of our grandmothers mix easily with the flow of her strong facility. The sun still "drives his chariot up into the azure heavens," and "his fiery-footed steeds gallop apace toward the close of a happy day." The trees "don" their leaves as if for the first time, and "a perfect bridal of the earth and sky" is a frequent occurrence. Death is a "sure balm," or again a "beautiful messenger to bring the weary home." But all this is merely Mrs. Gaskell's pretty deference to the phraseology of her elderly readers.

We may understand her better after one quiet morning with the crumbling

old reviews, which, more exactly than novels, reveal the changing mode of literary opinion. Perhaps we smile a little at the comments upon *Ruth* and *Mary Barton*, the only novels of our author which seem to have made a "stir" among the magazines, but the smile is not in scorn but in refreshment.

They wrote good articles in the old fifties—that was a matter of common acceptance. Sir Oracé was still undisturbed in his high calling; he took himself quite seriously; he did not for a moment doubt that he would be believed. He was withal full master of his language. Yet his authoritative assertions startle our present habits of thought like the slight thrill of a dim returning memory, so youthful sounds this unabashed self-confidence of sixty years ago. There breathes in the faded pages a responsive energy of expression, an abounding ardor of missionary utterance which seems juvenile to our more wary modernism. Airily, or with portentous state, justice is meted, but it is an artless justice, delighting in the command of critical prattle, but for all its bravery of carriage, sometimes disregardful for the sanctities of technical form, the essence of which current criticism supposes itself to be brewed.

They took the story as a personal matter—hence our immediate sense of the naïve. For we used to think a little after that fashion, ourselves in vivid childhood days. Did we like a book? That was the question. Did the characters suit our fancy? Was the hero supremely generous and martyr-like? Was the heroine most divinely fair? Should we prefer to be married to Sir Kenneth of Scotland or to Mr. Darcy of Pemberley? The stories were our stories by a quick adoption, their people our most familiar friends. Shame befall the author who should disappoint our zeal for first-class humanity! All very foolish, no

doubt. The comparison would grossly insult Mrs. Gaskell's sprightly critics, for though their point of view may be often peurile, their comprehension is uniformly mature. But their fiction world too was delightfully real, and they too preferred it as far as possible unblemished.

In the creation of women, at least, they found Mrs. Gaskell perhaps over ready to oblige them. Her maidens move in a surpassing loveliness, till one admirer owns that praise may have a limit. We are more awake to the flaw to-day, now that it has grown unseemly for a novelist to laud his own creations, just as it is no longer mannerly to boast of one's own children. It is permissible to dress them well, to invite company to see them, to let them talk as much as they please—but praise must work by suggestion; never must it be boldly said that they surpass in attractions and accomplishments all other young ladies in town. Not so with Mrs. Gaskell. If her literary daughters have faults of form, those faults will ne'er be known. There is the fallen Ruth, type of almost uncanny refinement; her face "positively Greek," with "proud and superb turn of head, a spiritual look in her eyes that made you wonder at their depths—a clear ivory skin as smooth as satin, her hair grown darker and deeper in the shadow that lingered in its masses." There is the statuesque Margaret Hale of "North and South," accustomed to stand in the presence of her manly lover, "her throat curved outwardly like a swan's, her eyelids drooped half over her eyes, her teeth shut, not compressed, her lips just parted over them, allowing the white lines to be seen between their curves, her slow, deep breathing dilating her beautiful nostrils, her head thrown backward in the old proud attitude, her hair jet black, her clear, smooth skin"—and if there be any other good features, she has them. We are

almost repelled at such amateur union of the mawkish and the sensuous, but a better mind returns with the memory of wayward Sylvia, nice Molly Gibson, and the field freshness of the country Phillips, wholesome as a misty apple. And, remembering them, we will forgive the others the excellence of their beauty. At any rate we will not wish ourselves quite back in to-day, when heroines are so likely to come over thirty, and be fat, or wrinkled, or married.

In 1853 the public was still content with charming girls, content with whatever Mrs. Gaskell gave them, if indeed the reviewers set the standard as absolutely as they judged. Perhaps it was lucky for her that she lived, even though hampered by old models, in an age of artistic discovery. A writer is surer of considerate welcome when great things are found a matter of course and a full-fledged genius is expected any day. The excitement was still keen at new anomalies, *Vanity Fair* without a hero, *Jane Eyre* with uncomely heroine, at the "humane and prodigious triumph in the actuality of modern fiction," "its emancipation from the stage setting of novels." The critic could afford to be complacent, to run a riot of wantonly rejoicing similes in the abundance of such superior pickings. In April, 1853, George Henry Lewes begins as follows: "The whole force of English romance writing has been deployed during the last six months. Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, the chiefs of that department of literature, have been in full play; and Miss Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Gore, Miss Julia Kavanagh, and lesser ladies, have advanced platoon-wise and almost simultaneously discharged each new volume." Such promiscuous classification seems well devised to punish the vanity of the exclusive, but to others it offered safety. In such high company Mrs. Gaskell was assured of

respect, certainly with so many "lesser ladies" in contrast.

The praise of her, all pitched to that comfortable degree, the superlative, has the deference of an old-fashioned courtliness, quite innocent of desire to put the "lady novelist" in her place. Shakespeare himself, it seems agreed, was "not more dramatically inspired in the presentation of character." Her people are "difficult to portray as ever novelist attempted," "her success great as ever novelist achieved." Around the death-bed of Ruth "flits the shadow of Ophelia." "Consummate" and "exquisite" perfection is easily accorded to Ruth's creator.

Her purity of moral appeal her admirers valued most dearly. For though the purpose novel was already a storm centre, fiction for the common need must be by common consent a resource "for doing God's work on earth." When Mrs. Gaskell trenched on social grounds and tried with feminine tact to cut the barrier between capital and labor, there was a twitter of alarm. What if she should spread too far afield the conviction that the laborer worthy of his hire is not always plump and contented? But with morality and holiness she is allowed to be wholly within her sphere. The garment of righteousness is always becoming. The lady novelist must "write in the fear of God," must "take her calling as an author in Christian earnest," that she may be "a rock" to wayfarers "wearied with the greatness of their way." Old-fashioned criticism, indeed!

Canonical or not, such appreciation was unlikely to improve the work of Mrs. Gaskell, already exemplary enough. It was only too easy for her to continue the Edgeworth tradition of the "moral tale" since her nimble dexterity, a thrifty virtue which may lean toward falling's side, achieved with slight effort a deft distinctness of finish, and developed perhaps too far a

preference for the unmistakable in characterization. Such a style is dangerously apt for reformatory purposes. Virtuous intent could perhaps be allowed. There are some of us even now who can win through, unspotted, to the end of a moral tale. The real complaint is not that the tale is moral, but that it is too obvious, that it sets gratuitously forth the essential secrets of fiction. Who cares for a puzzle all worked out, or a riddle tagged with its answer? This neglect of the shadow and insistence on the high light mars some valuable work of Mrs. Gaskell long after she has learned to wear her Christian calling less anxiously.

She does dearly love to reclaim the erring. Who could delay to repent and sign the pledge after reading the story of pious little Tom Fletcher, who converted and transformed an entire demoralized family by the persuasion of infant rectitude? And there is staunch little Maggie of *The Moorland Cottage*, good among a hundred torments, slighted by a partial mother, hectored by a horrid brother, who jumps out of the swing and hits his sister and doesn't mind. No wonder that, growing hardened in sin, he almost wrecks poor Maggie's life. He drowns, observe, at the crucial moment. These are telling warnings. We must hasten to "do after the good and leave the evil." But let us submit ourselves and mend our ways if we are beginning to laugh. Mrs. Gaskell has often the charm of a child-like guilelessness, but more seldom than most people is she absurd. And there is still something to be said for fiction which strives consciously "to do God's work on earth." We are not yet prepared flatly to contradict Mrs. Gaskell's critics.

Unlike us, however, they are sure to find the saving grace most free in passages of fulsome pathos, to return a spontaneous commendation for stories "tearfully interesting," whose pity

"searches out the tears that hide away from men's eyes in their hearts and moistens the sympathy that generally dries up in the whirl of events, and, pulverized in the dust of sentimentality, blows blindingly away." The metaphor is intricate; the writer must be much moved. The editorial eye, one would guess, could in those days always be blinded by a tear.

Along just this track we seem to have travelled farthest since early Victorian days. We have grown excessively shy of open sentiment. English literature used of old to glory in its sensibility since first *Griselda* was brought from Italy to be cried over. But now we no longer like to cry in company. If a piteous tale is really too much for us, we must pretend that something ails our eyes. We have come a long way since the flower of English society rejoiced to lift up its voice in concert at the unspeakable misfortunes of *Clarissas* and *Angelinas*, long even since it felt the better for a quiet weep at the homelier troubles of Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruths* and *Sylvias*, *Maggies* and *Jemimas*.

Here, with her earnestness for "the human with its droppings of warm tears," Mrs. Gaskell is the truest daughter of her time. If we have tears, we must look to our eyes, for lamentable things are to be witnessed. We watch helplessly at the deaths of happy children, noisy an hour ago; at the despair of the fierce grown tame by suffering; at poverty glooming in silent rage by the slow starvation of its dear ones; at innocence betrayed to a terrible patience of unremitting punishment; at blighted youth waiting cheerfully the approach of blindness, solitude, infirmity, disgrace; at the inarticulate broodings of bewildered age; at whatever sorrow is most unbearable to see, because meekly borne by the sufferer. Nor can we take our usual comfort when we wake from the

dream, that it never happened. It happened, for Mrs. Gaskell, even in her most dolorous vein, is a maker of real people, a considerable genius in the great age which triumphed in "the actuality of modern fiction."

Her unsparing tenderness, always poignant and appealing, never contemptible, does sometimes exceed the modesty of nature. It may be that the world has not grown hard-hearted—has learned only a reticence necessary to art. The fervent spinning of a long agony intrudes on the privacy of pain. We seem like spectators pausing from curiosity at an accident. We feel a little vulgar; if we can do nothing about it, we ought to pass on. Certainly, Mrs. Gaskell is not here at her best. She knew well how to develop the logic of experience, to make a moral result sufficient punishment for a cause of weakness; yet was too often willing to drag a chain of fortuitous calamity, "plague, pestilence, and famine, battle, murder, and sudden death." Thick crowding griefs, we must admit besides, either precipitate a not too healthy excitement, or else lose their significance. Outraged feeling must rebel and slacken under a strain too tense. Such a reaction cools our sympathy before the final fever which rounds the tale of Ruth's martyrdom; at the death-bed of John Barton, where murderer and avenger unite in a rapture of self-abnegation; even for Sylvia's husband, who, returns defaced, reviled, stripped of all but heart-hunger, to lurk unseen about the cheer of his forbidden home. Pity strides the air too rampantly.

But Mrs. Gaskell doubtless knew what she was about, believing rightly that only by development of her understood powers could she wake into use the dormant qualities of her genius. Pathos is the low-built foundation of her art; without it the world would never have come to love her for a gen-

tle lady with a merry heart. Seeking acquaintance with diversity of grief, but listening and alert for better news of herself, she followed with energy a lively series of experiments, sometimes failing, sometimes succeeding, but working, although by no means steadily, towards a more complete freedom of faculty. An unusual amplitude of scope is evident from the first. In her early popular novels, *Mary Barton* and *North and South*, she can claim a sympathetic and unprejudiced intelligence of the struggles between the laborer and the employer. Sometimes she skirts the edge of a darker field, though lacking as a rule command of the stern silences. So in *A Dark Night's Work* the secret of hidden crime waits its revelation with punishment terribly out of proportion to the original guilt. In *The Doom of the Griffiths* there passes through the gloomy quarrel of father and son a faint foreshadow of Stevenson. And at least in Sylvia's father, Daniel Robson, surly, dogged Yorkshireman, rude creature of his bleak home, stubborn unto death, she reaches near the inner circle of that miserable tragedy of stupidity, to be more strongly continued by a greater than herself.

Once by an amusing accident, in *The Gray Woman*, she produces a tale not of pity but of terror, well worth reading as a contribution to the list of tremors which English fiction has offered for cure of the man who knew not how to shiver. If that dullard remained impassive before *The Castle of Otranto* and the *Romance of the Forest*, let him try this. He will feel a sensation, I promise him, though he have blindly refused to shudder at giant helmets fallen from heaven, at Titan limbs protruding from unused halls, at fate hid in augur-holes, or groans behind thick masonry. For here is a pale and terrible husband who out-Bluebeards Bluebeard, a grim land of castle and mill, where hunted ladies, crawling un-

der tables, hit against corpses which should not be there, or gazed from lofts upon pursuers ramping below. And the scroll: "Ainsi les chasseurs se vengent!" How is that? Let the purveyors of horror look to their fame! And Mrs. Gaskell has known better than most how to base her wildness on the commonplace, for she starts on her witch flight through haunted air from a real inn kitchen, oppressively bright and hot, and crowded with folks hurrying in from the rain.

But a blood-boltered narrative at best could be for Mrs. Gaskell only an adventure. She was prompt to learn that her feet were straying if they passed along ungente ways. And so, in quest of her peculiar need, she half divined from the first art's ancient platitude, soon quickened by experience, that tears, pure and clean, dry best in laughter's light. Accepting her mission to be the voice of pity's entreaty, she found pity's answer in the reaction of loving mirth, which is pity's release and escape. For clean laughter has held the comfort to sanctify sorrow since first Demeter laughed in the pain of bereft motherhood at the simplicity of a familiar thing. In her best hours, therefore, Mrs. Gaskell read clearly the crystal of her genius, knew that she was born under the dancing star, able to heal pain's bitterness by her dainty cheer of heartsease. She had come to her individual world where "even the wise" do well to be merry of heart.

The grace to detect the little springs of laughter's source was the sure result of her fundamental excellence, through which she is, in a measure, always great and always modern,—her instinct for the significant detail. Even in the most searching of her pathetic appeals the sincerest "tears of things" are tears of the little things. Not at her scenes of excessive pain do we shrink, which, ruthless in their extremity of grief, yet fail of tragedy's reserve. It is harder

to notice Jem's pockets, bulging with oranges for the stricken children, or Alice Wilson's loving fingers as she handles the box packed for her by her mother so many years ago. Under a reverent tenderness the least of small trifles takes a clinging value, like a broken relic used long ago by hands now quiet. It touches the heart like a tale of past youth told by firelight in the gloaming. But the touch is kindest when the tale is of Mrs. Gaskell's best, a merry one for all its memories, sweet and wise in the lore of love.

Her cheer is but the eternal relish for the discovery of common traits of nature drawn again with the fine clearness of porcelain. A life may be infinitely pitiful and infinitely absurd, so fragile, so unreasonable, so genuine. To recognize the human truth of an oddity in character or situation is to have a good jest for ever. Hence the wholly winsome laughter which saves and corrects the sentimentality of the early *Cranford*—at a familiar foible, a meek stubbornness, a serene prejudice, a shrinking delicacy, faint as an aged scent. So in exceeding feebleness of yearning grief dear Miss Mattie burns her treasure of old letters, but saves candles the while with exemplary economy. So, rebellious to the order of immediate frugality, proud Martha marches into the dining-room, triumphant with her lion pudding. So, when the poor ladies resolve on the hard sacrifice of money for Miss Martha's support, Miss Pole spares our quivers by the admirable formality of her set speech. From school-days we have been brought up on *Cranford*, thin bread and butter, brooches, and all. We have loved each simple faith and fancy, unbreakable but fine with the daintiness of gossamer, its subtleties of undoubted etiquette, the quaint guises of its ignorance, its meagre comforts, its shy secrets over recipes or long-withered loves, its placid blindness to poverty's

makeshifts, its unspeakable kindness. But how should we love *Cranford* if we did not smile? And again, in that more farcical *Cranford*, the Duncombe of *Dr. Harrison's Confessions*, the laugh rings clear, like a sweet field wind. But it rings always low with the self-effacement of high breeding, for Mrs. Gaskell never shows more mirth than she is mistress of. Only she is learning the mellow wisdom of England's first lover of pathos, that "littel heviness" is quite enough for most folks.

Instinct, again, rather than deliberate effort, guided Mrs. Gaskell's fine choice of pictorial setting. Tireless ever in her zest for detail, exquisitely responsive to sense impression, she could create a convincing rightness of surrounding, imagined with the force of a lesser Hardy. Her creatures, too, move close to the ground in a wholesome kinship with the powers of the air and the beasts of the field. But her earth, though checkered by bleak moors and gale-swept solitudes, is not the mother of human sorrow, waiting to call back to obscure burial the little lives she has put forth. It is an earth of perpetually-moving light, of shade in the flight of sunshine, of scudding gust and changing gleam, of cloud-shadows creeping sideways on a warm hill, of purple darkness chased by amber glow. Hers, too, is the strong pulse of physical perception, an alertness to sight and sound, and especially to touch, as if each sense were for the moment alone, dependent on itself. There is the feel of the wind on the face, gentle with rain or brisk with sea challenge, a strong pull of rope on the arm, the prickle of gorse on the ankle. Herein lies her escape from triviality in the rare firmness of her pastoral, the almost elemental simplicity of her country scenes, like the favorite *Cousin Phillis*, where love and prayer, apple-gathering and harvesting, go on against the gray of the beeches and the blue of

the sky. With all her inclination for the elegant refinements she has usually the wit to prefer the homely, to bid us notice the green track left by the cat in the gray of the dewy grass, "the small, bright insects which run hither and thither on the elastic flower-stems," the milk-pans sweetening in the sun, the pad of the crisp young peas as they fall, the radiation of warmth to meet an indoor chill.

Peculiarly precious to Mrs. Gaskell seems the suggestion of an interior. At times she shows an almost Dutch appreciation for the effect of light and color beyond a foreground of shade, a vista through cool rooms and opening casements of a bright old-fashioned garden, of sunshine on the slope of an orchard wall, overhung by awkward limbs of jargonelle pear, with a lithe Sophie below tilting for the fruit. All the better does she love to linger within, if the room be worn and set in permanent character by generations of use, quiet with the stillness of aged houses,—has perhaps a stretch of flagstone floor, broad window seats, and diamond panes, and low-roofed passages at irregular levels. But such age is never defaced with ruin; rather is it alive with hope, searched through by the thrill of children's voices, trodden by small feet which step lightly upon memory's trace.

For the human detail, the separate flavor and importance of each private experience, became with Mrs. Gaskell's growth of supreme importance to her. She would be hurt to know herself classed to-day somewhat as an antiquarian novelist, a lover of the old and the odd for the sake of age and oddity. Age was venerable to a mind like hers, if only as a shade of past life, sanctified by a gathering cluster of intimate associations; but age was readily absorbing to her artist self, just because the habit of time sharpens and simplifies a personality to a clarity of dis-

tinctness. For the same cause she delighted in an eccentricity, not as an accident, but as an accentuation of humanity. We have noticed already her precision of character delineation, exaggerated sometimes to a fault. But we should sorely miss the lively company of souls dear and queer who bustle cheerfully about their business in her brisk little world. By no means all of them live in Cranford. There are the peering Miss Brownings of Hollingford, the whimsically benign Lady Ludlow, the Sidebothams, blindly devoted to their one devotion, the unalterable Morton sisters, Miss Annabella, Miss Sophronia, Miss Cordelia,—excuse me, I should have mentioned Miss Sophronia first. Better are the highly-marriageable ladies of Duncombe, Mrs. Rose, the Bullocks, the Thomkinsons. And there is no trace at all of the fantastic in the lusty flock of minor characters who form a teeming background to the woes of our unfortunate heroines; the dogged servants, Martha, Sally, old Kester, the sallow shop-tenders, the simple country folk so diverse and so real. Full-blooded are they all; not even one to be mistaken for a property figure.

So to Mrs. Gaskell there was opening a broader, firmer art, where "warm tears" should at last have no occasion to drop, an art comfortable, leisurely, sane with a genial and cleanly tolerance. Such is the fuller humanity of the unfinished *Wives and Daughters*, well stocked with a normal and pleasant society of worthy folks, not too clearly marshalled after their kind but uncommonly interesting to know. They seldom expose themselves to our pity or laughter, for they have learned to put a good face forward, and usually to smile at their own folly. If any turn out to be old friends, met before in Mrs. Gaskell's society, we are all the better pleased, more especially as they are plainly improved by the experience.

There is the refined and ailing lady, frequently married by Mrs. Gaskell to a stolid yeoman, strong, loving, stubborn. The ubiquitous gossips are probably incapable of change. But at last appears an excellent country doctor, witty, self-respecting, sensible gentleman, and some very likable young men who have outgrown the school-girl glibness of Mrs. Gaskell's early volubility. And the amiable county family is quite new, new too, bright, volatile Cynthia, admirable foil for our steady Molly, new and all but perfect the specious refinements of the sentimental step-mother. The portraiture of experience is unfailingly sympathetic. We all remember an agony of childish self-consciousness like Molly's first visit to the Hall: "She had to sit very forward to avoid crushing the Miss Brownings' new dresses, and yet not too forward for fear of incommoding fat Mrs. Good-enough and her niece; and, to add to her discomfort, Molly felt herself very conspicuously placed in the middle of the carriage." More than once, too, have we seen just the offended dignity of poor Mr. Cox's calf-love:—

Mr. Gibson: "To convey a letter clandestinely to my daughter, a mere child!"

Mr. Cox: "Miss Gibson, sir, is nearly seventeen. I heard you say so yourself only the other day!"

We know how they feel, dear human friends, through all the seven ages. And we have to leave them not quite settled; there is a real sore, for we "like them" very much. "Such a disappointment," said a loving essay published at Mrs. Gaskell's death, "is one of the highest testimonies to a writer's genius."

We shall not find anything more simple or more true to say. If we would know the inwardness of Mrs. Gaskell's charm, we must go back to the critical naïveté of her time, for more kingdoms than the kingdom of Heaven are open

only to hearts of children. Nor is it hard for us to feel the necessary gullelessness, for our curiosity is altogether unaffected. I should like to hear quite told the story of Cambuscan, and know for certain who had Canace to wife. There are other secrets which shall ever lie hidden—what dread discovery awaited Edwin Drood above the winding stair, by what stoutness of heart Denis Duval achieved the winning of his Agnes, with what wildness of human despair Weir of Hermiston fulfilled his doom by the Weaver's Stone.

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But if I could choose my story, I would rather be present some sunny morning at the wedding of Roger and Molly. I would stay to the breakfast—to marvel at mamma's roseate blandishments, to hear Lord Cumnor ask questions, and learn by what sage effort of humorous common sense the doctor resigned himself to the loss of his Molly. We can foresee their future as clearly as we used to know for the hundredth time the coming fate of "Little Red Riding-hood." But just the same, "please tell us how it ended."

Annie Kimball Tuell.

THE LANTERN BEARERS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "THE SEVERINS," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

As Conrad stood there, Clive Ashley came away from the tennis ground, and was intercepted by Mr. and Mrs. Hille. They immediately became all smiles and graciousness. He was their dear Mr. Clive, inquiries were made after dear Mrs. Ashley and Violet, he was asked when he would be at the Surrey cottage, was told that Mr. and Mrs. Hille and Lillian were going to their little place to-morrow, was implored not to miss the garden party at Gromwell Park, for which Lady Purslane had just issued invitations.

Conrad and Helga, standing within earshot, could not help watching the little comedy, and Conrad could not help contrasting the effusive reception accorded to Clive with the frosty one that had kept him at arm's length. When Marcella Stair joined them she was gathered to the group, and the talk was still of Gromwell Park and the coming garden party. Mr. and Mrs. Hille said that they were going to fill their own house for it, and that they counted on Marcella. They also expected Mr. and Mrs. Julius Pratt-Palmer, Baron

Lillenthal, Count Smith, and the Brabazon-Leiers. Mrs. Warwick, coming back from another part of the garden, was just in time to hear this string of names with an amused but decorous twinkle. She then blundered. She introduced Helga to the Hilles and Marcella, and floated away again, leaving for once displeasure and astonishment behind. Marcella did not trouble to speak to the woman who hung out washing. She had been careful not to tell Conrad that she lived in Surbiton and knew the Byrnes by sight, and she now walked deliberately away with Mr. Hille by her side. Mrs. Hille, at Clive's request, introduced him to Conrad, and then turned amiably to Helga. She knew nothing of her but her English name, and saw that she was extremely pretty.

"So you are acquainted with Herr Hille?" she said, for the two young men had strolled away together.

"Yes," said Helga. "He is staying in our house."

"So—so," said Mrs. Hille, "do you like Chermans?"

"I like the only two I know," said

Helga, "my mother and Herr Hille."

"Your mother! Then you're not Inklish?"

"Half and half," said Helga.

"So—so," said the lady, and hastened after her husband and Marcella.

Helga understood that she had gone down in value, but only half understood why. In her own home she had never heard one nation set against the other, except in her mother's half-serious objections to an English kitchen range and the English climate. She had been brought up to think more of the qualities the two great Teutonic races have in common than of the little social differences that keep them apart, and she was used to expect agreement where the great questions of life were concerned and disagreement about shoe-bags, spoons and forks, and sauces. Her views of the two races had been imperceptibly formed by lifelong experience, and though she knew that her father liked his peas boiled in water and her mother liked them stewed in stock, it had never occurred to her to aggrandize one parent at the other's expense on this account. She liked her peas either way, and when she spoke of the poets she loved, some were English and some German. The only people who ever made her a partisan were the "phobes" on either side, but so far she had not met many.

When Mrs. Hille ran away from her she walked about the garden by herself for a time, happy with the flowers. When she came to a secluded seat she sat down, and she had not been there long before Clive Ashley joined her.

"I've been hunting for you everywhere," he said. "Why are you hiding here?"

"Am I hiding," said she, half-thrilled, half-surprised by his tone, which she considered was more proprietary already than it had any right to be.

"I like your German," Clive went on. "He seems a pleasant boy."

"Is he younger than you?"

"About the same age, I believe. There's no flummery about him. He doesn't pretend to be anything he isn't."

"That's because he is Conrad Hille, the only son of Senator Hille, of Hamburg, on the Alster. He could not easily be more—in his own opinion."

"I should have expected a young, modern, well-to-do German to put on more side—to be more bumptious."

"I shouldn't," said Helga, quickly; "I like Germans—at least I like the few I know—and their music and poetry and goodness."

You have noticed how what the last person has said to you will sometimes color and shape what you say to the next. Mrs. Hille had left Helga in a mood to defend Germany and all its works, but Clive did not understand this, and was made uneasy by the girl's warmth. He did not mind her liking Germans in general, but when he reflected that one in particular lived under the same roof, he scented danger.

"When and how am I going to see you again?" he said.

That was the beginning of an argument it would be tedious to follow. Helga would not consent to clandestine meetings, and Clive said he understood and respected her scruples, but could not consent to the complete separation she proposed. She would not even consent to receive letters from him addressed to the Surbiton postoffice.

"To be sure, Jane Fairfax did it," she murmured. "But I've never liked Jane Fairfax."

"Who is she?" asked Clive.

"She is in 'Emma,' by Miss Austen—you know."

"I'd forgotten. I'll send you a letter to-morrow to Surbiton post office, addressed to Miss Jane Fairfax. You can call for it on Monday. Do they know your real name there?"

"I've never been inside the doors. If you knew my mother, Mr. Ashley, you would know I could not keep things secret from her."

"Tell her then—why not?"

"It would end everything. But I know I ought."

"Wait a little, then, before you tell her. Let us see each other once more, and try to think of what can be done. Here comes Herr Hille. On Monday, then—a letter——"

Conrad was so near them now that Clive had to stop short. Helga got up, and the three young people walked back towards the house together. But on the way home Helga took Conrad incompletely into her confidence.

"Mr. Ashley is the son of my father's former partner," she said, "the man with whom he quarrelled. My mother knows that I have met the son at Mrs. Warwick's house, but we do not speak of it to my father. It would vex and trouble him."

Conrad knew by this time that Mr. Byrne had come down in the world financially, that he took his troubles terribly to heart, and that his wife and child did all they could to lighten them. So Helga's information did not much surprise him, and did not occupy his mind. He was slowly and anxiously beginning to believe that he himself was attracted by Helga, and the discovery set up such a ferment in his mind that he had no room in it for other possibilities concerning her. The only son of the wealthy Senator Hille would be expected to marry well. In fact, the course of his life was plainly marked out for him by tradition and example. After his year in England he would return to Hamburg, enter his father's business, and lead an agreeable bachelor life for some years to come. He would belong to the best clubs, own boats of various kinds, own horses, too, if his fancy turned that way, live well, dress well, travel, work,

go to dinners and dances, hear a great deal of good music, and, when the time came, marry a young lady whose charm, prestige, and money made her a suitable mate for such an excellent and eligible young gentleman as Conrad Hille. To be sure, Helga was the niece by marriage of his father's old friend, Commerzienrath August Peters. That sounded well, but beyond sound there was nothing in it, and Conrad sighed as he reflected that his father was not the man to attach one grain more weight to sounds than they deserved. Helga was penniless; and she was more English than German; and the many respectable and well-placed Byrnes with whom her father could claim kinship were no more known on the Alster than the Hilles were known on the Severn. Conrad sighed so deeply as he thought of these things that Helga asked him if he was tired. They were just arriving at Surbiton station.

"I am tired and I am sad," he said.

"What makes you sad?" asked Helga.

"*Gnädiges Fräulein*," he said, "do you think that a man should marry to please his parents or to please himself?"

"In England we think it is hell to see love through another's eyes," said Helga, making sure that, as a well-read German, he would recognize the quotation. But he didn't. He said *Gnädiges Fräulein* again in a tone of inquiry and remonstrance, and looked rather shocked.

"We marry to please ourselves," she explained, "Even when we marry for money it is usually our own doing. Parents prevent a marriage sometimes, but they don't make one—admittedly."

"But unadmittedly—perhaps."

"I dare say," said Helga. "You see, I know no one, I go nowhere. I have

to judge from books a good deal."

"But some day—you will have to judge for yourself."

"Perhaps," said Helga, with a dreamy light in her eyes. Her thoughts were with Clive, and Conrad's thoughts were with her, and also far away. He saw his home on the Alster, a home of some stateliness facing the water, he saw himself in it with Helga as his bride. His father had once said half in jest half in earnest that the flat three floors above their own should be his when he married. He could see Helga installed there, queen where he was king, wife where he was husband, good humored, *tüchtig*, happy, and pretty.

"*Gnädiges Fräulein*," he said, as they reached the house, "we have had a pleasant afternoon."

"I am sorry it has put you out of spirits," said Helga.

"I am always sad when I am happy," said Conrad: and that evening he wrote a long letter home describing Mrs. Warwick's tennis party. He gave a diverting account of his 'English' cousins, their airs and graces, their clothes and their frigid behavior, he mentioned that Miss Byrne was the prettiest girl present and that a Miss Stair with whom he had conversed at some length was also pretty but *colossal ungemüthlich*. As a rule, he said, he did not converse long with Miss Byrne as in the evening he read English with one of her parents and though she was *hoch gebildet* she was too *tüchtig* to have any time on her hands. The household was altogether far more German than English in some ways, and Mrs. Byrne had taught her daughter all the useful arts she practised herself: the domestic arts that even in Germany, as his mother knew, were falling into greater disrepute every day although the very foundations of home happiness and comfort were cemented in them.

This letter, which Conrad considered diplomatic, set up a commotion in the

Hamburg household that in time spread to England, and more or less affected every one with whom our story is concerned. But before it reached Hamburg another letter was written and posted that helped to shape Helga's future. It never ought to have been written or posted, or fetched from the post, or opened, read, and treasured. In the beginning these young people were not to blame, but for their subsequent behavior their historian will not make excuses. Like Helga's mother, she holds that a properly brought up young woman should not have anything to do with a man her family refuses to receive, and she has not the smallest doubt as to what Helga's course should have been under the circumstances. Clive, who ought to have known better than to write, should have waited in vain for an answer to his letter, and should have discovered in time that she meant what she said, when she refused clandestine meetings and a clandestine correspondence.

But the worst of a word like clandestine is that it puts on such a different color at different times. On some lips it sounds sinful, while others give it a smack of the kitchen, so that you scent meetings between grooms and cook-maids leading to squalid scandals. But if you say "clandestine" as Helga did, when she sat by the river on Monday afternoon, what images of romance rose, urging and sustaining her! She saw Juliet on her balcony, Lucy Desborough on her wedding-day, Margaret with Faust, Amy Robsart, the lover of Madeline, young Porphyro with heart on fire; Archie Weir, Maud in her garden, a long gallery of unhappy young people parted by fate resisting fate. That they did it to their ultimate undoing was immaterial. Neither in beauty nor in splendor of environment could a commonplace maid vie with these well-known and well-beloved figures of romance yet the flame of love burned

strong and pure within her. As she looked beyond the flashing river down a long avenue of trees meeting in the hazy distance at the Palace, as every day folk of the suburb passed and repassed the bench where she sat dreaming, her desire to see whether Clive had written grew irresistible. So the moment came when "I would" got the better of "I dare not," and she was on her way to the post-office. Her courage just lasted till she swung open its heavy door, stood at the counter and asked for a letter addressed to Jane Fairfax. As if it was a matter of no importance, the clerk looked in a pigeon hole and handed one to her. Helga took it, felt the color rise in her cheeks, instantly recognized the writing, for it had addressed the carnations to her, and the next minute was in the street again. She walked as far as the station and found a seat far down on an empty platform before she opened the envelope.

When she had read her letter she had taken one of the great steps in life. She was no longer quite a child, but a girl who loves and knows herself beloved. The written word seemed more serious and considered than the spoken one had been. It told of the promise Clive wanted her to give him, it appointed a time and place for their next meeting, it conjured her not to fail. They must meet secretly or not at all, Clive said, and they must come to an understanding. To remain supinely apart, to make no effort to remove the *slight* obstacles between them was a course he could not contemplate. His purpose was marriage, the sooner the better. He implored her to be at Surbiton station on Tuesday in time for the 2.48 train to Oxshott. They would walk in Oxshott woods together, and try to find a way.

Helga's first thought was that she must write and refuse. She looked back at his letter and saw that he had

written from his father's house in Sloane Gardens. She had not known before where he lived. She had only seen him three times; yet she looked to spend her life with him or live unhappy. Indeed the letter, together with memories, wrought so strongly for him that the miracle happened, the miracle lovers pray for, and parents, according to their natures, accept or deplore. The girl, whose mother had been her one friend, turned now to the new friend, not forsaking the mother yet, but persuaded and led by her man as till the crack of doom the woman will be. Clive, looking out for her next day at the appointed time, saw her, helped her into his empty compartment and looked so little surprised that she felt angry with him.

"You surely didn't expect me?" she said.

"I did," said he.

The worst of it was that the real Clive always attracted her even more than she thought he would. Directly she was with him she knew that her pictures of him were all incomplete and insubstantial; as unsatisfactory compared with his presence as the image of food when you are hungry. By the time they reached Oxshott station she wished she need never leave his side again. They walked across the sandy heather-covered common near the station and through a pine wood leading in time to a little lonely lake, surrounded by trees and overgrown near its banks with reeds and willows.

"But we ought not to be here," Helga said. "You ought not to have written. I ought not to have fetched your letter. This is a clandestine meeting."

"Words—words," said Clive; "you're the woman I mean to marry."

"Oh! Thank you!" cried Helga, flaring up.

"What have I said that's wrong?"

"That you mean to marry me, and I

never said yet that I would marry you."

"Would you be here otherwise?" said Clive.

So like children they agreed, and fell out for a moment, and made friends again, and through it all made love. The beautiful afternoon lights and the silence of the woods, the still water and the lush weeds in the marshy creeks of the little lake, made a setting for an hour they remembered as long as they lived: for it was an hour when the melody of love and trust in their young hearts played to a finish. They knew as these moments fled that they belonged to each other for better for worse. The stars had parted them, but the stars had brought them together.

"But what are we to do?" said Helga, coming back after a long interval in the clouds to actual life. "I can't go on like this, Clive—I can't really. I haven't even told my mother about your letter. I did tell her you had been at the tennis party, but not that you met me at Wimbledon. I have never had a secret from her or a letter that she didn't see."

"My letter was for your eyes only," said the young man.

"I knew that as I read it, and I have stolen here secretly because you asked me; but it is so difficult. To-day I shan't get back till six. I never go out by myself for hours like that. I shall have to give some explanation. You know, Clive, how hateful it must be."

"Indeed I do," he said, and stared gloomily across the water.

"How real difficulties are when they face you—when they are your own," he went on. "If I heard of another man in my position, I should say that all he had to do was to go to his father and hold his own, but that would be no good at present."

"It would be no good to us at any

time," said Helga. "If your father consented mine would not."

"I'm afraid my father is pretty bitter too," said Clive.

"But he has nothing to be bitter about."

"My dear girl, you've only heard one side of the story. My father is a hard business man, no doubt, but he isn't a criminal. As far as I understand what happened he was well within his rights."

"It all depends on how you define 'criminal,'" said Helga.

"We must never talk of our fathers," said Clive, taking her hand. "But most stories have two sides, Helga."

"This one hasn't," said she. "Look at our fortunes, and look at yours."

"Our marriage ought to set things right."

"My father would not see it in that way."

Clive waited a little before he spoke again. He knew his father, but he did not know all the steps and shades of his quarrel with Mr. Byrne. He believed that there had been blame on both sides, but he could not be surprised to find that there was more bitterness on the losing side than on the winning one. He thought it most right and natural for Helga to take her father's part fiercely, and he foresaw that the subject of the quarrel had better be taboo. As he had said to her, they must not talk of their fathers.

"What are you and I to do?" he asked her soon. "Will you wait for me, Helga. Will you promise to wait till I'm on my own feet, and can claim you?"

"I'll wait, oh yes, I'll wait," she said, with misty eyes.

"I'll work. I'll work as hard as a man can. I know there's work in me."

"I believe there is," said Helga, looking at his steady trustworthy face; "but how will your work help us when

it is your father and mine who keep us apart?"

"I shall find a way as soon as I am independent," said Clive.

"I can't think how."

"I can't either; but in future we belong to each other, Helga. You'll marry me and no other man."

"I don't suppose we shall ever be married," said the girl; "but that doesn't matter."

"Doesn't matter!"

"Now that we know—I'm content now."

"I'm not," said Clive, "far from it."

(To be continued.)

THE IMMIGRANT IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Readers of the newspapers may have observed that the Italian Government has disputes pending both with Brazil and the Argentine Republic. There are superficial differences between the two cases, but in essentials they are identical. The point at issue in both is the ill-usage of the Italian immigrants. We are not directly concerned in the quarrel. The British subjects who go to South America go as capitalists or as the skilled men employed by capitalists. They are few in number, and it must be readily confessed that if they do not prosper the fault is mainly their own. We speak of the rule and not of the exceptions, which of course are to be found. And what is true of us is, in the main, true of the French and the Germans.

A handful of Frenchmen may be seen working in the vineyards of the Argentine province Mendoza. There are small German agricultural colonies in Brazil. Some of them are sinking into the native half-breed population. Others, notably in Santa Catarina and Rio Grande, occupy tracts of country, and have succeeded in obtaining the right to conduct their municipal affairs in German. So far from coalescing with the Brazilians, they are imposing the use of their own language on them. They present a problem which causes some anxiety to the governing persons of the Republic. If they are not enter-

prising, and it is said that they are not, they are stolid and pertinacious agriculturists, they strike deep in the soil, and they are suspected by the Brazilians of cherishing ambitions incompatible with the unity of the country. All men are armed in Brazil. The central government is weak. The Brazilians increase slowly or not at all. Being, with few exceptions, half-breeds, they need to be continually recruited by the unmixed race on either side, or else they tend to die out. Their families are small and unhealthy. It is not easy to explain why. The facts are well known, but they are shameful to name. The reader will allow us to say no more than this—that a certain hereditary disease is not only widely prevalent but is all but universal in Brazil. The German population is sound. Its families are large, and they flourish greatly, for the climate on the tablelands of Santa Catarina and Rio Grande inside the Terra do Mar is favorable to children. So they grow, and there are many Brazilians who look forward with anxiety to what the German will do, perhaps at no very remote date. They do not fear the coming of the Kaiser with a fleet and an army. Against that danger they know they are protected by the United States. They fear the German within their gates.

This German colony is a local and

peculiar thing. When we speak of the immigration to South America, we are not thinking of the skilled Englishman or Scot, the French or the German, but of the great bulk of the Europeans who go to the former colonies of Spain and Portugal. Now they are to the extent of five-sixths of the total number of those who go to the river Plate, Italians and Spaniards. In the case of Brazil we must allow for the Portuguese, but even there the Italians are the majority, and the Spaniards, mainly from Galicia, are numerous. The contribution of other nationalities is trifling in comparison. These are "Austrians," so called, who for the most part are Poles. Polish villages are to be found in Argentina where the children born in the Republic are still wholly ignorant of the corrupt Castilian spoken by the native Argentines. There are Slovaks called Hungarians, and Russians of whom a half are Jews, and there are Syrians. These last, who began to come in very recent days, are already a marked element in Brazil and in the River Plate Republics. Half of them are Mohammedans. There are two mosques in the Brazilian State of Sao Paulo. Arabic papers are published both there and in Argentina. The Syrians are pedlars who wander far up to the Matto Grosso in Brazil, and in Argentina to the remotest borders of the west and south. Prosperity turns them into merchants, and they congregate in the towns. They are by common consent sordid in their ideas and filthy in their habits. But they grow rich, and are a force to be taken into account. Any description of the drift of people into South America which omitted all mention of its oddities would be misleading. For some reason not easily apparent, the Corsicans favor Venezuela. A few years ago a crowd of Japanese coolies was brought in to develop the cultivation of rice in Sao Paulo. They had been recruited

in the ports, and turned out to be perfectly useless on the land. In a short time they drifted into the towns, where they became notorious as footpads and housebreakers.

Minorities and oddities are negligible. Italy and Spain have supplied the great indispensable mass of labor, just as Great Britain has supplied capital. £300,000,000 of English money have gone into Argentina alone. With this and the Italian laborer the Republic might have grown rich, though it drew neither men nor funds from other sources. Without them it would not have escaped from its native state of stagnant sloth. The questions worth putting are these: How is this labor recruited? How does it work? How is it treated?

It will be obvious that this emigration of labor from Europe does not go of itself. The hundred and twenty thousand Spaniards who sailed from Corunna and Vigo alone in 1908, and the large number who left Almeria, went from dire poverty under the stimulus of necessity. They did not all go to South America. Many, perhaps, of them went to Cuba or the United States. Ever since the "Pearl of the Antilles" was freed from the curse of Spanish administration, a stream of emigration has set into it from Old Spain. Whole villages have gone, taking their priests with them, and they prosper. Multitudes go to the United States, and in particular from Biscay and Santander. But we are not concerned with them. The Spaniards and Italians who go to the States may have much to contend with, but they do not suffer from the evils which have provoked the Italian Government to retaliate on Brazil and the river Plate. The Italian in the States is not always liked, and he is generally regarded as a hewer of wood and drawer of water. A story goes about that an Irish foreman who found much difficulty in mak-

ing a gang of Italians understand what they were to do, turned to a countryman and said, "And these are the —'s they make popes of." But if the Italian is not rated high in the States, he does not suffer at the hands of *Fazendeiros* and *Estancieros*, district judges and *Comisarios* of Police, as he does in Brazil and the river Plate. The Northern continent is a different world from the Southern.

The labor which goes to the latter is mainly contracted for, and hired by capital, with passages paid out and back again. It is to a very great extent migratory, and is a larger version of what we know in Europe in the shape of the harvesters who, among ourselves, come from Ireland and the Highlands to England and the Lowlands of Scotland; from London to the hop-fields and market-gardens of Kent; or on the Continent, from Poland to Germany and Denmark. The visitor who leaves a Western European port for South America will be taken into Cherbourg, perhaps to Corunna, certainly to Vigo and Lisbon, now and then to Lelxoes for Oporto. At all those places he will see larger or smaller crowds of men, women, and children, drawn from the whole length and breadth of Europe, who ship for South America. In the busy seasons, that is to say when the coffee "cherries" begin to be plucked in Sao Paulo in April, or in November when the maize and wheat harvests are coming on by the river Plate, these third-class passengers will number a thousand or twelve hundred; and he will see the same sight if he goes by a German line, or by a Spanish, or by the "*Messageries Nationales*" from Marseilles (who bring the Syrians), or by the fine swift steamers of the Italian "*Veloce*" and "*Lloyd Sabauda*." To them should be added the Royal Dutch and the Austrian lines. It is, by the way, a useful corrective to national complacency, and also a warn-

ing, to learn how good most of these lines are. British officers, who are close observers and fair critics of their rivals, think that the "*Messageries Nationales*" have fallen off. Constant strikes and bitter labor disputes have had their effect. But the Dutch line (as one would expect from such old masters of the sailor's business) are second to none for economy of working, accurate navigation, and seamanlike handling. The Germans are excellent and the Italians are finely fitted and very swift. It may be puerile but it is human to feel hurt when the British packet you are making your voyage in is distanced by an Italian. The experience happened to the present writer, and it grieved him. When the ship he was coming home in was off Cape Trio in the early afternoon, a big Italian was seen coming from Rio, and rounding the Cape. She was then well astern. Before the dinner-hour she was on the port bow. By ten o'clock her masthead-light was barely visible ahead, and when she passed beyond reach of the Marconi she had gained 160 miles. And here it is germane to the matter to note that there is a large emigration of Italian seamen to South America. The small sailing craft which work on the shallow Argentine coast are almost all owned and manned by Italians. The large *Marcanovitch* Company of Buenos Ayres, which does a great coasting and river trade, employs Italian officers and seamen.

The passenger immigrants may be classed into those who come to stay, those who come to make a small fortune and then go home, and those who come for the harvest only. There is an obvious difficulty in settling what proportion the three elements bear to one another. The fate of many of the immigrants depends on their character and their luck. But it is not rash to maintain that nearly a half of the immigration is transitory. Of, in round

numbers, 49,000 immigrants who land at Santos in Brazil before the coffee harvest, over 40,000 leave when it is taken in by September, for the harvesting of the coffee cherries is a long and elaborate process. In 1909 the number of Italians who landed at Buenos Ayres, the only port of entry for immigrants to Argentina, was, again in round numbers, 93,000, but those who left in the same year were 51,000. The proportion of Spaniards who stay is far higher—and that is a fact of considerable importance for the future of the Republic. But setting the one against the other, it is safe to say that about half the immigrants to Brazil and the river Plate are there for a time only. Now let us remember that the Southern tableland of Brazil is healthy, and nowise too hot for men from the south of Europe; that as much is true of the river Plate countries and all Argentina; that immense tracts of land lie idle (a third of the State of Sao Paulo is still primeval forest), and that the Governments profess an ardent desire to attract settlers,—then the question presents itself, how comes it that the newcomers should be so eager to go away again? These countries are not indeed earthly paradises. There is a belt of unmanageable salt desert in Argentina. Drought and the locust are everywhere terrible enemies. But prosperity has been obtained in no small measure, and much more could be achieved. Why is the progress of settlement so slow? There is only one answer which can be truthfully made to the question, and though it may cause deep offence in certain quarters it must be given. The reason is that the Governments of these countries do not protect the settler against the feather-headed, brutal, and corrupt usage at the hands of judicial and police officials.

This statement applies to the laboring mass. The European, British, or of

any nationality, who is himself a capitalist or is employed by some wealthy body—bank, railway, land company, or what not—is sufficiently safe. The Governments are under financial obligations to these corporations, which pay “complements,” as Pepys would have put it, to important politicians. They have means of making themselves heard, and they cannot allow their servants to be treated with capricious injustice. It is for this reason that comparatively little is known among us of the real character of South American government. We suffer but little—and then the capitalists who are gaining wealth have strong reasons for not offending the authorities. They say nothing except when speaking in confidence, and when they are sure their words will not be repeated. Nor, again, is it maintained that the European immigration is free from vile elements. The visitor to South America soon learns what is meant by a “caften.” He will learn from the papers, if in no other way; and he must be curiously obtuse if he feels pleased when he reads that this or the other British passenger ship has come in with six “caftens” on board, and that they are not to be allowed to land. As for what a “caften” is—it is enough to say that the “white slave” traffic is horribly active along the South American coast. Companies of high repute are not ashamed to profit by its money. There is no secrecy about the thing. It is obtruded on the notice of the first-class passengers by the flaunting swagger of persons of both sexes who come and go regularly, and whose purpose is notorious. They take a first-class cabin for themselves, and perhaps a score of second- and third-class berths for those they bring with them. The captain will tell you that they could be stopped, and that he hates to see his fine ship turned into—and he uses a very plain

word. But the Companies do not act.

There are bad elements among the laboring immigrants. The common opinion of South America ranks the Neapolitans among them. They come as harvesters or as laborers on public works, and they are too often criminal in character. Last year gangs of them were engaged in making the railway from Sao Paulo to Matto Grosso across the forest. The company provided them with guns for their protection against the Indians. One Sunday a number of them went out to amuse themselves. They fell upon a party of nine Indians, men and women, who were celebrating a marriage—murdered the men and violated the women. A few days later the tribe fell upon the laborers at work and shot six of them mortally with poisoned arrows—no excessive revenge for an abominable outrage. The immigrants are not always blameless for their own misfortunes. But the "caften" and the murderous "Nap" could be controlled if the Governments enforced their own laws. If the six thousand so-called police maintained by the State of Sao Paulo, and very well drilled by a commission of French officers, were employed on constabulary duty, the "Naps" would not be allowed to butcher the Indians. They are really organized to be the nucleus of an army which can cow the central Government.

The judicial and police establishments of South America are generally maintained for any purpose except the avowed one. They are the political agents of the men in power, and because they are indispensable they must not be punished for their excesses. Their hand is heavy on the poor settler in town or country. An Italian or other immigrant goes to Sao Paulo, which invited crowds of them after the abolition of slavery in 1889. He is promised good wages as a "colono" on a "fazenda" or coffee plantation. The

colono is the man who does not merely come for the harvest, but remains on the land all the year. He is put in charge of 3500 coffee-trees, and is paid partly by wage, partly by the use of a thousand square metres of land per thousand coffee-trees—on which he can grow maize and beans, the staple food of Brazil—and a house; or he goes to the river Plate and is employed in "refining" an estancia or cattle station. The raw pampa is covered with coarse grass which is inferior food for cattle, and no food at all for horse or sheep. It is refined by being ploughed up and cultivated for wheat during four years. On the fourth alfalfa (lucerne) is sown with the wheat, and when the harvest is reaped the lucerne remains, and the estancia is refined.

When the "colono" of Sao Paulo, or the migratory agriculturist of the river Plate, is honestly treated, he can earn money. A large number of them do—and then return to Italy or Spain, to become peasant proprietors in their native country. But it frequently happens that he is not honestly treated. The Paulista who grew up in the old slavery atmosphere is incapable of thinking that he is under any obligation to the people he employs. When it is inconvenient to him to pay he won't, and he knows that the courts will give no attention to the poor man. The "criejo" employer in the river Plate is not a jot more honest, nor are the judicial authorities and the police any better; outrages on women are common, more especially in Sao Paulo, where the so-called whites are, with few exceptions, half-breeds of Indian or negro blood, and peculiarly liable to the passion which causes incessant trouble in the States and our own colonies. In Brazil the one check on these excesses is the fear of assassination, nor is the case very different in Argentina or Uruguay. When the settler has bought land he commonly finds that he cannot

obtain the title till he has bribed somebody at headquarters. At all times he is subject to arbitrary fines by the police. Protest and appeal are useless, for he must pay before he can appeal, and years will pass before he obtains a decision. The appeal, too, is not to the ordinary courts, but to the administration itself. In the towns there is less arbitrary brutality than in the country, and that is one reason why the immigrant shows a disquieting preference for the cities. Buenos Ayres is overcrowded, full of slums as bad as the worst in Europe. Yet even in the towns the excesses of officials are numerous. Men are imprisoned without cause shown. If a commissary of police desires the good-looking daughter of a small tradesman, and finds himself denied, he will tax the father to ruin. In Buenos Ayres itself, which boasts profusely of its civilization, the police, mostly Indians from Salta, have seized women in the streets. The higher authorities dare not check them, for they are politically indispensable, and knowing themselves to be so, are insolent.

The brutality of the police in Buenos Ayres has been notably increased by the anti-anarchist law. The outrages which served as their excuse were committed by Russians, but all the poorer foreigners have suffered. How this law works can be easily shown. An Argentine, son of a very wealthy landowner, told me with glee that the law was excellent, for, said he, "when my father has trouble with one of his foreign workmen he says to the police, 'That man is an anarchist,' and they carry him off." It was passed in a panic, and has been an instrument of fraud and oppression.

It is not necessary to go to grumbling foreigners for testimony to the excesses of the officials either in Brazil or Argentina. The parties excuse one another freely. Last year the "*Prensa*" of Buenos Ayres devoted a considera-

ble space to an account of the state of a part of the province of Córdoba. A certain family had acquired control of the district by the help of their relative, who had been governor. They filled all the places with their adherents. They held, and of course falsified, all elections. They had named as schoolmaster in one village a ruffian whose character was so notorious that respectable people would not allow their children to go near him. They terrorized the countryside by a simple device. Arbitrary fines were imposed, and the victim was compelled to pay them by buying stamped paper which must be presented before an appeal could be received. The privilege of issuing the stamped paper was granted to a member of the family, and no account was ever rendered of the money paid. It is needless to say that the foreigner, who has no native family connections, is more readily victimized than the Argentine.

The name of Córdoba lends easily to the mention of a curious feature of the immigration to South America. It is the most clerical region of the Argentine, and the city of Córdoba was the seat of the old Spanish University. No languages, mathematics, or natural philosophy were professed there, but only "ens" and "essentia,"—or, in plain words, the dregs and dotage of the scholastic philosophy. Córdoba is one of the few places in the Republic which swarm with seculars and regulars. And an increasing proportion of these men is of foreign origin. It is becoming—and indeed has long been—very difficult to recruit in South America priests who will obey the Church's law of celibacy, or regulars who will keep their oath of chastity. From Mexico southwards the disorders of the clergy, secular or regular, are notorious. Decent-behaved clerics can only be obtained by importing them. No doubt many of the priests of foreign birth

come in what we may term a legitimate way. The native clergy would not be sufficient in number, to say nothing of knowledge of language, for the immigrants. The attitude of the Italian or Spanish settlers towards the Church must be realized, and it requires some explanation. Whoever looks at bookstalls, kiosks, or booksellers' shops may be tempted to think that all South America, of whatever origin, is furiously anti-Christian, anti-papal, and anti-clerical. They swarm with such books as "*La Folie de Jésus*," "*The Cardinal's Daughter*," "*The Crimes of the Vatican*," "*The Horrors of the Inquisition*." But the very men who read these books, and who avow their atheism and contempt of the clergy, retain a lurking fear of the priest as a wonder-working magician who may do them a damage. They will carry banners in a procession, and make use of religious ceremonies at marriage, birth, and burial—when the charge made by the clergy is not too high. The native clergy in country districts are extortionate, and that is one reason why marriage is so rare.

There is, however, something more than the necessity for providing for the needs of immigrants or the deficiencies of the native clergy.

As the Governments impose no restrictions on the entry of clerics, South America has become the refuge of swarms of priests, monks, friars, and nuns, who for any reason are superfluous in Europe. The expulsion of the Spanish orders from the Philippines, the French Congregation Law, the recent revolution in Portugal, have been followed each in its turn by flights of clerical persons to South America. And there is deliberate policy in the movement. In Brazil the monastic lands were secularized on the establishment of the Republic, but it was decreed that the process should not be completed until the last survivor of

the members of a religious house living in the time had died. Now it happened that the Benedictines had great possessions in Brazil. Of late years their houses have been copiously recruited from Europe, mostly from Southern Germany. The purpose, of course, is to retain the land by an evasion of the law. Unless it has been settled very recently, a delicate question is pending between the Brazilian Government and the Benedictines on this very point. And this is the type of much else. There is no doubt that as the Church loses ground in the Old World—and as we can see from the example even of Spain, it does lose—it is trying to build up a new power in South America. The effort is hopeless enough, for it has nothing to build on save the essentially heathen superstition of the ignorant native half-breeds, the lingering taste of the immigrant for ecclesiastical shows, and the traditional piety of the women. The men who possess what passes for education in South America are as destitute of all religious belief as of sexual morality. The Church will doubtless try to make an alliance with political parties—which in South America means factions fighting for the control of the "spigot of taxation,"—but victory in these contests is capricious, and defeat means destruction for the clerical establishments. Meanwhile, if the Roman Catholic Church is making any effort to increase its power by convincing South Americans of the wickedness of corruption and brutality, and of the simian immorality which degrades their families, its exertions are invisible and fruitless.

The misconduct of South American officialdom does not, of course, pass entirely without protest from European Governments. But these Republics are in a most fortunate position. England sends no colonists. She had her lesson once and for all from Brazil.

The story is now an old one, and lies buried in consular reports. But it is remembered by our countrymen in South America, and they would be the first to resist any proposal for British colonization. The Welsh colony in Southern Argentina languished, and would have vanished long ago but for a plentiful use of Welsh pertinacity. We have already dealt with the cases of the French and Germans. The nations really interested are Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The second and third are too feeble to enforce respect. Italy is stronger, but even she is unable to extort respect for the rights of her subjects in view of the notorious fact that the United States would not allow her to make use of the most effectual means of coercion—the occupation of a port. Protests are idle, and are treated with derision. Only one weapon remains, but happily it is effective if vigorously applied. Italy can forbid the recruiting of labor by the agents of South American employers. She did so twenty years ago, in the case of Brazil, by the Prinetti decree which is still in force. She has just applied the same form of coercion to the River Plate Republics. The immediate pretext was the claim of these States to place sanitary officers of their own in Italian steamers bringing out immigrants. This was manifestly the merely official excuse for a strong measure. The sanitary officials would be a nuisance if only because they would insist on receiving bribes, but Italy would not lose the benefit of the £50 or £60 brought back by each of the thousands of harvesters who return every year, on so small a point. She must have resolved to make an end of the perpetual misuse of her people by cutting off, or at any rate largely reducing, the indispensable supply of labor.

If her measures are taken with energy, there can be no doubt that she will put severe pressure on the South

Americans. Brazil must have Italian labor for its coffee harvest, and Argentina is far more dependent on the same source of supply for its maize and wheat harvest. So far, Brazil has lost by the action of the Prinetti decree, but it has been able to eke out its supply of labor by Portuguese and Galicians. Moreover, Italians on the way to the Argentine stop in Sao Paulo for the coffee. Even so, the Paulistas have been to a certain extent brought to book. The Italian consul at Sao Paulo is provided with funds to repatriate his countrymen, and he can secure justice for them by threatening to send away those of them who are aggrieved at times when their labor is indispensable. If the Argentine supply is stopped Sao Paulo will also suffer.

It is easy to understand why the Argentines were greatly agitated by the Italian decree. Their fine affectations of surprise that Italy should have taken so strong a step for so small a cause may be dismissed as one example more of the Latin capacity for play-acting. They know very well what is the real meaning of the Italian decree. They know also that within the last two years there has been a great exodus of Italians, provoked in part by the brutal application of the anti-anarchist law. They are in fact threatened by a loss of labor which might be ruinous. Italy, too, will lose for a time, though not so heavily as the vanity of the South Americans makes them suppose. The Italians who bring most money home, and who return with the least injury to their health, are those who go to the United States, and they will not be affected. But whatever the loss may be, self-respect should make the Italians endure it, and their sense, which is good, must show them that a present sacrifice will bear fruit in future advantage.

They will, if they insist that a settlement of all other disputes and the

giving of guarantees for the future must be the preliminary to the withdrawal of their decree, bring the South Americans to their bearings. In the interests of humanity it is highly desirable that they should. Perhaps somewhat similar measures will have to be taken in the financial world some day. In spite of the much boasted prosperity of the last twenty years, neither Brazil nor the Argentine has brought its currency into good order, and both countries are for ever in the market in

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search of loans. But the financiers can look after themselves, and they have had their lesson. The unhappy immigrant misled by the profuse promises of South America is helpless against its corruption and brutality. It was high time that the Italian Government should act, and if its action has a little too much the air of a "combinazione," if it does shrink from openly giving its real reason, its action is none the less justified.

THE WILD BIRD'S THROAT.

Autumn opens a new year of English bird-song. In September, after some weeks of silence, almost, the red-breast sings anew in sweet earnest; whilst, towards its close, or more often early in October, one morning or early noon the first notes we have heard for many weeks from a song-thrush are breathed through a cool, serene air.

I confess I find my estimate of the relative merits of birds' songs often changing slightly. Thus, when I am among the hollow groves and brakes, blackcaps in full song above and all around me, I set blackcaps high above all birds save nightingales—above blackbirds and song-thrushes and garden-warblers. That is a May or early June experience. There is a like experience in March, when many blackbirds by the sea are fluting in the cluster pines, the weather being delicate and fair—the first melting days of early Spring. The blackbird then sounds almost peerless, indeed in his wholly different vein equal of the nightingale. The garden-warbler—perhaps once or twice in a season—even he can rank with the highest. Afterwards I feel these values have been set somewhat too high, and I readjust them.

But I never have over-valued the first wonderful notes of the autumn song-

thrush. Their sweetness and purity are above praise. If I made a list of twelve, if I made a list of six, of the best events of the year in the plant and bird and insect world in England, I should put in it the first thrush-notes heard in autumn. Another event in this list of twelve or of six would be the hatching from their chrysalids of the two pearl-bordered fritillary butterflies of our May coppices in the south of England; and a third, I think, to judge by last spring's experience, would be the full flowering of the lovely little germander speedwell. What a blue is that speedwell! Near Tunis in April, and again in Sicily, I found a speedwell in bloom which was intensely blue, a vivid burning blue, and I forgot germander; but in May woods in England, when once more I saw germander in full bloom, I knew there could be nothing lovelier.

The value of bird-song is not to be appraised apart from the exquisite charm which bird-life has for so many of us. I have often touched on this, because I have noticed it is overlooked by critics of bird-music. Truly a bird's song would amount to little enough if considered absolutely apart from the lovely spright of the bird and the beauty of its haunts. An exception to

this may be the song of the nightingale at its best. Imagine a man with highly trained ear, and profound appreciation of music and melody, who, never having heard a nightingale, one day suddenly hears a nightingale in full song; further, imagine that he has never even heard of a nightingale and has not the least notion that these sounds come from a bird. Would he be moved by them? I suppose he might be moved somewhat, but even so how much must he lose, knowing nothing of nightingales and their beauty and spright and of the literature and tradition about them, and caring nothing for birds! Take away from the bird's song the feeling for the bird, I doubt whether the songs of even the nightingale and garden-warbler and blackcap are of much worth as music pure and simple. But allow for that feeling, deep and joyous, and bird-song is one of the loveliest, choicest sensations we know.

Here are two or three notes which I wrote about the nightingale's song one evening after exchanging an hotel at Charing Cross for the lawn of a Hampshire cottage: "On stone-still, pitch-dark nights such as we have in May—nights with what a spell!—the world is a very sounding-board for nightingales. It is very good to go quietly out of doors late on a May night, when the last light is out and the village sleeps, and to wait in the grave stillness for that first 'low piping sound more sweet than all.' It begins slow, intense, wailing; then quickens and enlivens, and leads up to breathless passages, rattling clamorous, marvellous for power and execution. It is the musketry of music, full of flash and brilliance."

"'Brilliant' one feels to be the exact word for the nightingale, and brilliance is peculiar to the nightingale among English singing-birds; it should not be said of thrush or blackbird. Nor should one call the sedge-bird brilliant

in song, though his staying power is so astonishing at night by the river and some at least of his notes are so good."

"To stand on the soppy grass one tranced night near moist mid-May, listening in the stillness and dark for the nightingales, and then next night to look down from hotel heights at the straining, glaring light of a city—this is a curious experience. Two night worlds so near, after all, in mere mileage and yet in such utter opposition! It is not easy at the time we are experiencing one thing to comprehend how the other, too, is being enacted at the same moment, and is equally real."

The three chief singers among our English birds of passage are nightingale, blackcap, and garden-warbler. There is a fourth singer on the list of "summer birds" whose merit is high, in its way singular—the sedge-warbler. But it has scarcely at all the merit of *music*. His song at its best is extraordinary; but at its best, as at its worst, it is full of harsh notes, full of jumbled odds and ends. In it we may nearly always catch the chink and clatter of excited blackbird, the sharp "spink" of the chaffinch challenge, the coarse chaffer and chirrup of sparrows. In the day I am not often much impressed by this song from the sedge. Once or twice at night it has struck me as simply wonderful. I woke one June night at the "Crook and Shears" inn by Bransbury Common on the Test and heard the bird pour out a loud breathless song, strange in power and charm. It must have continued at least five minutes without a pause. The night was ink-dark and very still; only a low murmur came from the Bullington stream, which near by enters the common to join the river Test a mile or so down. We cannot hear a song like this at dead of night and doubt—what we doubt in the day—that the sedge-warbler at times is even a wondrous singer. The rich June night gives a

magic to his notes which they lack at another hour. Still, though after that experience I know well the gift of this little bird, I would not class him with the three woodland warblers. His feat is of quite another quality. His immense spirit, his power of continuity, are his merit, rather than anything like melody. Now real melody, musical merit apart from the environment of the singer, its beauty or its associations, is in the songs of the three woodland warblers—garden-warblers, blackcap, nightingale. The best descriptions of bird-song in any English book I know are two or three in White's "*Selborne*." Particularly I recall the exquisite thumb-nail sketch of the singing blackcap. How strange White did not know the garden-warbler! He confused it with the lesser white-throat which to-day, I have found, is a common bird round *Selborne*. Colonel Montagu was not often so happy as White in his notes on bird-song, but he gives the garden-warbler's song with a delicate and sure touch. The passage is worth quoting, being so little known: "Some of the notes are sweetly and softly drawn; others quick, lively, loud and piercing, reaching the distant ear with pleasing harmony, something like the whistle of the blackbird, but with a more hurried cadence." "Sweetly and softly drawn" is a good example of that natural and pure style in which our forefathers often excelled. One could not wish for sweeter words more sweetly put of a thing so choice and lovely as the garden-warbler's song. I cannot go with Montagu when he adds that the garden-warbler's notes are "so mellow and so singularly elegant that no one conversant in the song of birds" can possibly mistake them. There are times when, for a few seconds at least, we may easily mistake garden-warbler's notes for blackcap's notes, or blackcap's for garden-warbler's. The mis-

take may be soon discovered, but not the less I have known an ear highly trained in bird-music perplexed; I know I am myself quite often—at the beginning of the season—perplexed, though I have watched and listened to garden-warblers and blackcaps since childhood. The garden-warbler is slightly inferior at his best to the blackcap at his best, because the song is commonly more hurried than the blackcap's.

The blackcap picks out his notes with a certain fastidious skill. He dwells on them more than the garden-warbler. It is this which sets the blackcap at his best above the garden-warbler. I feel just now that I would rather hear the best blackcap's song than the song of any English bird. But I am a little fickle in these matters of taste or fancy; and I may go back in homage to the nightingale when next I hear him sing.

In Sicily and in the Apennines of North Italy last spring I was constantly listening to blackcaps and nightingales—as well as to the lively, trifling chatter of the Sardinian warbler—and I recognized afresh that, for power and pulse and for the note of passion, the nightingale is master-singer.

How absurd to talk of the blackcap as the mock nightingale: why, the last thing the blackcap does is to mimic the nightingale! Their songs are wholly different. The blackcap has not the brilliance of the nightingale, has not the strength and carrying power. I used to hear the nightingale at Oakley when I was quite three-quarters of a mile away from him, with a hill between my garden and Bull Bushes copse where he sang.

The blackcap's merit lies in the exceeding purity, the liquid sweetness, the delicacy of his notes—this combined with the deliberate expression of them in which he surpasses the gar-

den-warbler. How wood wild are the notes of both blackcap and garden-warbler, breathing of the exquisite freshness of the May flowers, of hazel and oak coppices, of the young tenderness of leaves! It is impossible the songs of these two birds should become familiar. Their *rarity* never ceases to appeal to me. I found myself last May, suddenly and without expecting it, in the midst of quite a troop of garden-warblers which had just reached a high and lovely coppice, their nesting-place. They were all around me in the three- or four-years-old underwood-shoots, with a few nightingales and here and there a white-throat. I marked their slim, graceful forms, as they sang or fed in the oak-saplings; and to see the garden-warbler or the blackcap singing is no small part of the joy. It is the same with nightingales. I like to catch a glimpse of what Coleridge called their "bright bright eyes, their eyes both large and bright," and a glimpse of the red tail.

There is a difference I have not mentioned between the song of the blackcap and the song of the garden-warbler. The blackcap may be said to whistle a distinct air. I suppose a good human whistler might reproduce it after a fashion. But I do not think he could reproduce the garden-warbler with any success. I cannot find any distinct air running through the garden-warbler's song. Perhaps those who set even a higher value than I do on the garden-warbler's lay may say this argues a grossness in my hearing. I certainly have no power to reproduce airs—I never could sing "God save the King" or the "Old Hundredth" without being flat or out of tune—but I do claim to have an ear, and to hear an air, though I cannot whistle or sing it. And I can find no definite air running through the garden-warbler's beautiful song, wild and wayward. Another note as to the garden-warbler's song, and I pass to

other birds. He shows sometimes a surprising power of continuity. Once in a tangled lane full of woodland warblers, near the lovely little village of Deane in Hampshire, I heard a garden-warbler sing for full fifteen seconds without the least pause. This is a feat for any singing-bird. I have only heard it surpassed by the sedge-warbler with his urchin notes at night and by the breathless skylark in daytime. No nightingale or blackcap or blackbird or thrush sang so long without a pause.

With these three woodland warblers. I associate two other groups of migrants, the white-throats and the three leaf warblers. There is not a great deal to say of the songs of the white-throats. The larger white-throat's lay has at least a little sweetness that is not lost in the skurry of the singer; but I think the best part of the performance is the way in which he tosses himself above his perch on tree or bush and flings out his gusty little song as he springs up and drops through the air. The lesser white-throat lacks this charming accompaniment of song, and the warble itself is even slighter: often indeed the lesser white-throat gives but a short bubbling passage with no snatch of song at the close. The bird is a lovely sprite; save perhaps the wood-warbler or wood-wren there is no faërier bird in England. The lesser white-throat's movements are quick and exquisite, and the nest, despite its tenuity, is a treasure of neatness and completeness, beautifully slung in the brake. I cannot understand why lesser white-throats have been so little noticed by naturalists, for in some English counties at least they are quite common: in one or two districts in Hampshire the lesser white-throat is at least as notable as the larger white-throat. But I must say, with all my liking for this overlooked little exquisite, that his song is no great matter..

Of "leaf warblers," the chiff-chaff is not worth mention as a singer, though listening closely, I find that before each utterance of his call there are a few low lisplings that seem to be a striving at song. The chiff-chaff's value as singing-bird is simply that he comes first of the summer warblers into English woods in spring. It is something of a merit in him, too, that, with the wood-warblers and the willow-warblers, his close kin, he stays about our gardens and lawns and inland spinneys long after the nightingales and blackcaps have disappeared. Year after year in September I used to look for one of these leaf warblers in my Hampshire garden at Oakley, and one of the three I always heard or saw. The chiff-chaff calls them sometimes even as he did in early April, and the willow-warbler gives us his beautiful little song. The wood-warbler does not sing, I think, after July—when he is still nesting—but at this time his swift darts and aerial curves across the lawn in pursuit of midges are lovely to see. With the return for a few days of the three leaf warblers to our lawns and gardens in September there seems to be a certain re-assertion, faint and delicious, of spring days.

The willow-warbler has perhaps the most delicate little air of any English singing-bird. It has not a single harsh note in it, as I recognized one day in Sicily among the almond and peach gardens of Palermo. Pathos is the marked note in this song—yet one knows that really the willow-warbler's song is one of abounding joy. Watch him very closely! I have watched him so closely among the cluster pines by Durley Chine that I could almost have put out a finger and stroked him as I stroked the humming-bird hawk-moths hovering over fuchsia-bushes in the Isle of Wight. Then I knew how a passion thrilled the little bird. He flung back his head at the close of his air,

and brought out the last notes in an ecstasy, and the feathers of his throat ruffled in the exertion. In August—in 1911 on July 31—the willow-wren, after some weeks of complete silence, finds his voice anew and sings till he starts on his travels south. I know of no other bird-traveller of ours that does this, though the chiff-chaff will sometimes resume, ere he goes, his song-note. The willow-wren sings at half-light in late summer when there is drought and burning heat. In the past summer during the fiercest days at the close of July I woke soon after dawn to hear both the willow-warbler and the wren in full song just outside my window. The earth and air were steeped in freshness. There are hours of spring at the start of many a fierce summer day. What an irony that those who are in good health sleep through these precious hours, whilst those who are ill awake! The dawn, taking the year as a whole, is a great time for bird-song, though I think one scarcely enjoys then that perfect definition of sound on dead silence that is a feature of bird-song just before dark. At dawn in mid-May and through June the skylarks are wonderful. They are the earliest of all, though the song-thrush and the blackbird and redbreast follow quickly. Spenser, in one of his sonnets, I think, puts them first. At two o'clock in June the first larks open, and half an hour later we have that extraordinary effect when the whole sky is sounding with absolutely continuous lark-song; when there is no gap between the songs, each running into the other, so that it might almost seem as if one lark could sing without the slightest pause by the hour—whereas actually he can only sing a matter of seconds without a break. The blackbird is fine at dawn, but the blackbird is one of the highly fastidious singers. He picks a few weeks in the sweet o' the year, and then he will flute all day in his luxuri-

ous, mellow way. But it is soon over; and white blackbirds, I always believe
and though one does hear of autumn that most of them are missel-thrushes.
The Cornhill Magazine. George A. B. Deane.

GATE NUMBER TWELVE.

(FROM THE SPANISH OF THE CHILIAN WRITER, BALDEMELO LILLO.)

Pablo clutched instinctively at his father's legs. His ears hummed, and the floor, sinking under his feet, troubled him strangely. He felt himself cast into that hole, the dark mouth of which he had seen as he entered the cage, and he watched with great frightened eyes the murky walls of the pit wherein they sank with a dizzy speed. In that descent, without vibration, and silent, save for the dripping of water on the iron roof, the lamps flickered low, and in their vague half-light the fissures and elbows of the rock showed mysteriously—an interminable line of shades, which went like arrows fleeing aloft.

After a minute, the speed slackened suddenly, all feet fixed themselves more firmly on the moving floor, and with a hoarse rasping of bolts and chains, the heavy iron cage came to a stop at the gallery entrance.

They went together into the tunnel, the old man holding the boy by the hand. There was little movement in the mine, as it was yet early, and they were among the first to arrive. The gallery was high, and they could only dimly see a portion of the roof, spanned by great wooden beams, while the side walls remained invisible in the profound gloom which filled the vast and dismal excavation.

Some forty yards from their landing place, they stopped in front of a kind of grotto hewn from the rock. From the rough soot-colored roof hung a tin lantern, whose meagre beams gave the place the appearance of a crypt, mournful and shadowy. Deep in it, seated behind a table and making notes

in an enormous register, was a little man, whose pale furrowed face stood out like a white mask upon the murky background. Hearing footsteps, he looked up, and directed a questioning stare at the old man, who advanced timidly, saying in a respectful and submissive voice: "I've brought the little fellow, sir."

The clerk surveyed the small, weak body. The boy's thin limbs, and the babyish expression of the brown face, with wide-opened eyes like a frightened animal's, impressed him unfavorably; and though his heart had been hardened by the daily spectacle of so much misery, a pity rose within him at the sight of this child, dragged from his games and condemned, like many another unhappy little creature, to languish wretchedly in the damp galleries of the mine. The severe lines of his face softened, and it was with a pretence of harshness that he spoke to the old man, who watched him, anxious for the result of the examination.

"But, man, this boy is too weak to be working yet. He's your son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you might have some pity on his tender years, and send him to school for a while before burying him here."

"But, sir," the miner stammered, a note of dolorous supplication in his voice, "We're six in the house, and there's been only one to work. Pablo is eight now, and he must earn the food he eats. And isn't he a miner's son? He's got to do like his elders, that never had any other schooling than the mine."

His hoarse, tremulous voice was choked suddenly by a fit of coughing, but his watery eyes kept begging with such persistence, that the clerk, conquered by this silent appeal, put a whistle to his lips, and produced a shrill sound that echoed to the depths of the lonely gallery. They heard a clatter of hurried steps, and a silhouette appeared in the doorway.

"Juan," said the little man to the newcomer, "bring this youngster to Gate Number Twelve, to replace that boy of José's, who was killed by the train yesterday." And turning roughly to the elder, who was beginning to mutter his thanks, he added, "I see that last week you didn't do the regulation five boxes. Don't forget that if it happens again, we'll have to get rid of you and have a more active man." An energetic wave of the hand dismissed them.

The three walked silently, between the rows of rails, lengthening or shortening their steps to avoid the sleepers sunk in the miry ground. The guide, a man still young, went in front, and behind came the old man, always holding Pablo by the hand. His chin was sunk upon his chest, and he was deep in thought. The menace in the clerk's words had filled him with terror. For some time it had been apparent to all that his strength was falling, that each day's work brought him nearer to that fatal minimum which, once passed, would convert the ancient workman into a simple encumbrance. It was all in vain that from morn till night, fourteen long hours, like a reptile in the narrow shaft, he would furiously attack the coal, bloodying himself against that inexhaustible vein which so many generations of slaves like himself had but scratched. That bitter and never-ending strife soon brought the youngest and strongest to decrepitude. In their damp and noisome burrow, they bent their backs and wore out their

sinews, each morning feeling their flesh creep at the contact of the mineral, as a vicious horse trembles when he sees the shafts. But hunger is a better goad than whip or spur, and they silently returned to their oppressive task, while the vein vibrated subtly, bitten by the square tooth of the pick, as a sandy shore is eaten by the onward surge of the sea.

A sudden halt of the guide awakened the old man from his dismal soliloquy. Their way was barred by a door, and huddled in the angle of the wall and the ground was a dark object, the outlines of which were revealed confusedly by the wavering beams of the lanthorns. It was a boy of some ten years of age.

With his elbows resting on his knees, and his pale face between his meagre hands, mute and motionless, he did not appear to notice the workmen who passed the gateway and left him plunged anew in the darkness. His wide-open, expressionless eyes were directed obstinately upwards, absorbed perhaps in the contemplation of some imaginary landscape which, like the mirage of the desert, mocked those poor pupils so thirsty for light, damp with the nostalgia of the far-off splendor of day. Charged with the management of that door, he was passing the endless hours of his prison-time in a miserable interment, overwhelmed by the enormous rock-roof that smothered for ever in him the gracious restlessness of childhood—the childhood whose sufferings leave in the heart that understands them an infinite bitterness, a sharp execration for human egoism and cowardice.

The two men and the boy, after walking some time in a narrow corridor, emerged into a high gallery, from the roof of which fell a continual rain of heavy drops of water. At intervals could be heard a dull and far-off sound, as if somewhere above their

heads a gigantic hammer were beating upon the earth's crust. Pablo listened in wonderment, not knowing that it was the noise of the sea on the crags of the coast. They went a space further, and found themselves at length in front of Gate Number Twelve.

"Here you are!" said the guide, halting close by the door of planks which turned on its fastenings to a wooden frame in the rock. So dense was the darkness that the ruddy lights of the lamps that they carried fastened to the peaks of their leather caps, scarcely permitted them to see this obstacle.

Pablo did not at once understand all this, and silently watched his companions, who, after exchanging a few hurried words, set themselves, with a brisk joviality, to explain the management of the door. The youngster, following their directions, opened and shut it repeatedly, removing the uncertainty of the father who feared that the strength of his son would not suffice for the work. He manifested his satisfaction, passing his rough hand through the tousled hair of his offspring, who so far had betrayed neither weariness nor alarm. His youthful imagination was confused and unsettled by his unfamiliar situation. At times it seemed to him that he was in a darkened room, and every moment he expected to see a window open somewhere and bathe the place in sunlight; but although his untutored heart had already forgotten the terror of the sinking cage, these unaccustomed gestures and caresses were gradually awakening his mistrust.

Far away in the gallery a light glimmered, and there came the rumbling of wheels upon the rails, while a heavy and rapid trotting shook the ground.

"The train!" cried both of the men, and the elder added breathlessly, "Quick, Pablo! Let's see how you do your work!"

The little fellow, with clenched fists,

leaned his puny body against the door, which gave slowly until it touched the wall. The operation was scarcely finished when a horse, blackened, sweaty, and tired-looking, passed rapidly in front of them, dragging a line of heavily-laden trucks.

The workmen looked at each other, well pleased. The novice was now a tried door-keeper, and the old man began to talk to him flatteringly: he was no longer a child like those who stayed above there whining and hanging to their mothers' skirts, but a man, a sturdy fellow, no less than a workman, that is to say, a comrade who must now be treated as such. And he gave him to understand that they would have to leave him alone now, but that he was not to be afraid. There were many others like him doing similar work in the mine. His father would be near, and would come from time to time to see him; and then, the day's toll ended, they would go together home.

Pablo heard all this with an increasing terror, and for answer clutched with both hands at his father's blouse. Until now he had not known exactly what was wanted of him, and the sudden turn taken by what he had conceived to be a simple excursion into the mine made him scared as a deer, dominated by the one frantic desire to quit that place, see his mother and brothers, and be once more in the light of day. To every affectionate argument he replied with a wailing and tremulous "Let us go!" Neither promises nor threats could weaken him, and the "Let us go, father!" burst from his lips each time more dolorous and appealing.

The old man's face revealed a keen disappointment, but the sight of those tearful eyes raised to him in anguished supplication changed his incipient wrath to an infinite pity. The paternal love that had lain dormant in the in-

nermost depths of his being awoke in all its strength. The boy was so weak and tiny yet!

The recollection of his own life, of those forty years of work and suffering, passed before him, and with a profound disillusionment he had to admit that for the fruit of all that immense labor there remained to him only a worn-out body, soon to be cast from the mine as a hindrance; and at the thought that the same destiny was awaiting this poor little creature, there swept over him a sudden imperious desire to snatch the prey from the jaws of this insatiable monster that took the children from their mothers' laps to make them outcasts whose shoulders bent with the same stoicism under their masters' brutal blows as under the fierce caress of the ever-inclining rock.

But this incipient sentiment of rebellion was quickly killed by the thought of his wretched home, and the hungry and half-naked beings whose only support he was; and all his long experience showed him how foolish was his dream. The mine never let go what it had once taken; and like new links taking the place of the old and worn ones in an endless chain, the sons followed the fathers, so that in that deep well the rise and fall of the living tide was never interrupted. And the little ones who breathed the poisoned air of the mine grew up warped, weak, and bloodless; but to that they had to resign themselves, for to that they had been born.

So with more resolution the old man took from his belt a thin strong cord, and in spite of the boy's resistance and entreaties, bound it round his middle, and tied the other end to a thick bolt fastened in the rock. Many pieces of frayed twine hanging from the nail showed that this was not the first time it had served a like turn.

The Nation.

Half dead with terror, the child kept uttering penetrating cries, and they had to employ violence to drag him from his father's legs. His pleadings and clamors filled the gallery, but the tender victim, more unfortunate than the Biblical Isaac, did not hear a friendly voice to hold back that paternal arm uplifted against its own flesh and blood through the crime and the iniquity of men.

So desolate, so piercing and tremulous was the accent of the calling voice, that the unhappy father, as he departed, felt his resolution wavering once more. But the weakness was again only momentary, and putting his hands over his ears to shut out those cries that were rending his heart, he hurried his steps to get away. Before leaving the gallery, he halted a moment, and listened. A tiny voice, weak as a sigh, kept calling far away there. . . . "Mother! Mother!"

Then he took to running like a madman, pursued ever by that haunting sound, and did not pause until he came to the vein. The sight of it changed his grief to a furious anger, and grasping the pick, he attacked it madly. His blows fell upon the unfeeling bulk like thick hail upon a window-pane, and the iron tooth bit into the glittering black mass, loosening great lumps that mounted up between the worker's feet, while a thick dust covered the wavering light of the lanthorn like a veil.

Splinters of the coal flew about with violence, wounding his face and neck, and his bared chest. Drops of blood mingled with the sweat that covered his body, as he burrowed into the breach that he was opening, widening it with the zeal of the convict who bores into the wall of his cell; but without the hope that feeds and sustains the prisoner . . . the hope to find at the end of his toil a new life, full of sunshine and fresh air and freedom.

Translated by F. J. Cogley.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER X.—ANSWERS. ON THE WORKS OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.
BY C. L. GRAVES.

1. Translate *minauderie* into the Mulvaneyan dialect. *Answer*: "Menowderin' and menanderin' and bland-andherin'." ("Soldiers Three.")
2. Who wouldn't allow her father to talk of "the devil's colors"? *Answer*: Learoyd's dying sweetheart. ("Life's Handicap.")
3. Whose husband had his face slapped "for a bone-idle beggar"? *Answer*: Mrs. Poone. ("Life's Handicap.")
4. What sort of champagne was drunk by the horse-artillery in Egypt? *Answer*: "Somethin' Brutt." ("Seven Seas.")
5. Who was the "silvery ghost" that "rose bolt upright and sighed a weird whistling sigh"? *Answer*: The grampus. ("Captains Courageous.")
6. To what was the landing of a twelve-pound salmon as nothing in comparison? *Answer*: Meeting with The Cornhill Magazine.
7. Who said "It is not good to look at death with a clear eye"? *Answer*: Peroo. ("The Day's Work.")
8. Who was "the Gadarene swine"? *Answer*: The Fat M.P. ("Stalky & Co.")
9. Who never gets into the middle of the room? *Answer*: Chuchundra, the musk-rat. ("Jungle Book.")
10. What is "full of nickel-plated sentiments guaranteed to improve the mind"? *Answer*: The Ladies' Home Journal. ("Traffics and Discoveries.")
11. Whose deaths were triple-headed? *Answer*: Some successful kings and queens. ("The Five Nations.")
12. What is the worst rhyme in Mr. Kipling's poems? *Answer*: "Talks and such" and "Torques and such." ("Just-so Stories.")

MR. R. L. BORDEN.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour.

Robert Burns.

The hour brings forth the man. Seldom has the truth of this optimistic saying been more strikingly verified than in the case of Robert Laird Borden. Little more than a year ago Mr. Borden was comparatively unknown even in the Dominion of Canada. To-day he has won a world-wide reputation as the man who inspired the Canadian nation to reject the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States of America, who beat back the forces of those enemies in Great Britain, Canada, and the United States who would gladly

see Canada annexed to the last-named country, and who has given to the whole British Empire another opportunity of realizing in its fulness the ideal of Mr. Chamberlain. The leadership of Mr. Borden in this great crisis cannot be too highly praised. From the first moment when the danger appeared he grasped its full significance and set himself resolutely to combat it with all the power at his disposal. He rejected with scorn that policy of "uncompromising toleration" which carried Colonel Newcome to Westminster, and adopted instead the maxim of Alvan in *The Tragic Comedians* that "compromise is virtual death; it is the pact between

cowardice and comfort under the title of expediency." Seeing at a glance where the strength of the Reciprocity movement lay, he undertook with characteristic courage, a prolonged tour in the West. The same ground had, not long before, been traversed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Mr. Borden's campaign afforded the West an excellent opportunity of judging between the merits of the two leaders. Sir Wilfrid's speeches had been chiefly conspicuous for froth and the vain endeavor to reconcile his pronouncements in the East with a policy that should win him votes in the West. Mr. Borden, on the other hand, maintained an unflinchingly consistent attitude and refused to buy votes at the price of becoming a political mountebank. He told the farmers that so long as he led the Conservatives his party would have nothing to do with Reciprocity, and the progressively increasing number of the attempts to spoil his meetings showed clearly that the grain-growers were frightened at his success. And of that success there can be no doubt whatsoever. He may not, perhaps, have influenced any very large number of voters in the West, but he won for himself that tribute of admiration which is always paid to the man of single-minded purpose, and he put fresh heart into his followers in every province of the Dominion. Everywhere the Conservatives redoubled their efforts, and there was no slackening in the tension until the results of the General Election showed that the Canadian nation was resolved to work out its own independent destiny upon the American continent and at the same time to remain an integral part of the British Empire.

That Mr. Borden has revealed unexpected qualities of leadership may frankly be admitted. But that his triumph should have come as so much of a surprise as it appears to have done shows that his great quality of cour-

age has been very imperfectly appreciated. And yet this characteristic has been the mainspring of his political career, as the following brief sketch may serve to indicate.

Born at Grand Pré in 1854, Mr. Borden came of British stock. His ancestors were "men of Kent," and (if we may accept the testimony of a certain sporting journal which affects a hue common also to a particular brand of pills efficacious for pale people) the original branch of the family is still flourishing at Headcorn. After having received his education at Acadia Villa Academy and having acted for a time as a professor in the Glenwood Institute, Nova Scotia, Mr. Borden was in 1878 called to the Bar. Before long he became the recognized leader at the Nova Scotian Bar, and when he made his appearance before the Supreme Court at Ottawa he speedily took rank with the leading advocates from Montreal and Toronto. The law was a profession which commanded his sincere enthusiasm and which he was eminently qualified to adorn. What position he would have attained had he not entered the Federal Parliament in 1896 as member for Halifax it is impossible to say. He entered Parliament reluctantly and only as the victim of severe pressure. For the first few years his heart was evidently not in his new duties. He spoke but infrequently, and his speeches were for the most part concerned with questions in which legal considerations were paramount.

In 1901 came one of the most important crises in Mr. Borden's life. Sir Charles Tupper, who had led the Conservative Party after the withdrawal of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, decided to retire, and it became necessary to appoint a successor. The position was one which only a man of courage would undertake. For the plight of the party was truly piteous. Demoralized by the death of their great leader, Sir John

Macdonald, the Conservatives had further lost Sir John Abbott, Sir John Thompson, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell in rapid succession, while Sir Charles Tupper's service as High Commissioner in London had put him somewhat out of touch with his party. For a decade or so they had drifted helplessly along, and their impotence was increased by the bold adoption by the Liberal Party of that project of Preferential Duties with which the Conservatives had long coquetted. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was now at the zenith of his popularity with both the English and French Canadians and was firmly entrenched behind his winning personality. There was no one on the Conservative side who could pretend to anything like an equal authority; certainly not Mr. Borden, whose uneventful Parliamentary career had only begun with Sir Wilfrid's Premiership. And yet it was upon Mr. Borden that the choice of the party fell. It is no wonder that he was unwilling to accept the post, and his unwillingness was, no doubt, increased by the consciousness that he was regarded as a stop-gap. His *nolo episcopari* was, however, overruled; and, having once sunk his personal desires, Mr. Borden addressed himself to his uphill struggle with a stout heart.

Neither in the General Elections of 1904 nor of 1908 did Mr. Borden have a sporting chance. The former struggle turned mainly upon the terms of the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Mr. Borden neatly summed up the difference between the two rival policies when he inquired whether the Canadians wanted a Government-owned Railway or a Railway-owned Government. But the fight was, on the whole, maladroitly contested by the Conservatives, and the impression gained ground that they did not want a second transcontinental railway. In 1908 there was even less at issue, and Sir Wilfrid, pointing to his white hairs

as Sir John Macdonald had done before him, asked to be allowed to finish his life's work. In both years Canada was enjoying a prosperous season, and the Conservatives were regarded by some people in the light of a baby which deliberately pumps up its tears and bellows lustily for the mere sake of bellowing.

But in the meantime the reputation of Mr. Borden was steadily increasing. In 1904 a Conservative saying had been, "We had rather take Quebec than have written Gray's Elegy." When, however, in the following year Sir Wilfrid Laurier introduced his Bills establishing and providing for the government of the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan and proposed therein to establish the "separate school" system in its entirety, Mr. Borden took up a position of determined hostility. By this action, of course, he incurred the bitter enmity of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, to placate which had been an endeavor of the Conservative Party. His standpoint, which was the broader and the strictly Federal one, did not commend itself to all his followers. He stuck to his guns, however, and, aided by dissension in the Laurier Cabinet, had the satisfaction of seeing the Premier himself bring forward an amendment to his own Bill which did much towards mitigating the grievance.

Another occasion upon which Mr. Borden showed marked courage was when the Canadian Parliament made the experiment of paying an official salary to the leader of the Opposition. He was not himself in need of the money, but he fully realized that a time might come, as it had come in the past, when such assistance would be of great importance, and he consented to accept the money duly voted. For this action he was bitterly assailed by many of his own party, who proclaimed that he would henceforth be the mere tool of

the Laurier Government. His dignity in these circumstances was admirable; nor, having accepted the salary, did he attempt to play to the gallery by ostentatiously disbursing it upon other than his own personal expenses. Such a record as this might, one would think, have led the observant critic to expect that, when the hour came, Mr. Borden would not fall through timidity.

Of the part which he has played during the past twelve months in Canada something has already been said. The question now is rather as to what his future policy will be. And it may be said at the outset that he entertains no hostility towards the United States. The utterances of Mr. Taft, Mr. Champ Clark, and Mr. Hearst have, not undeservedly, met with firm rejoinders; and, indeed, even Sir Wilfrid Laurier was goaded into telling Mr. Taft to mind his own business and not interfere in Canadian politics. Mr. Borden has wisely refrained from recrimination. "Canada," he declared in the statement which he made when the results of the election were known, "has emphasized her adherence to the policy and tradition of the past fifty years. She was wisely determined that for her there shall be no parting of the ways, but that she will continue in the old path of Canadian unity, Canadian nationhood, and the British connection. She has emphasized the strength of the ties that bind her to the Empire. The verdict has been given in no spirit of unfriendliness and hostility to the United States, and no such spirit exists, but Canada directs and elects to be mistress of her own destinies and to work out those destinies as an autonomous nation within the British Empire." The foregoing passage not only shows his attitude towards the United States, but outlines also his position towards the Empire. This was yet more clearly explained in the speech which he made at the farewell banquet to Earl Grey.

After expressing his conviction that the British Empire would develop along the lines of autonomous development and that no portion would be called upon to surrender self-government, he went on to say:

We do hope that consistently with that there may be surer and more effective development in trade and in defence within the Empire. We have not begun, perhaps, to realize the material future of this country, or, what is greater, its power and influence for the civilization of the world as a nation within the Empire.

And he concluded by saying that as Canada grew to greater power and influence she would be faced also with a greater responsibility and that he had no doubt that she would meet that responsibility adequately. It is to be noticed that in this remarkable speech, of which the above does not pretend to be more than a bald summary, Mr. Borden made special mention of trade and defence. In the early days of Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda the Liberals of this country used to amuse themselves by applying the telescope to the more myopic of their eyes and complaining that they could not see where the Colonial "offer" came in. The fact that Mr. Borden is an avowed Protectionist who believes that adequate protection for Canadian manufacturers is quite compatible with an increased measure of inter-Imperial trade may, not improbably, revive this ridiculous affectation. Mr. Borden's statement is therefore important not only as discounting this "argument," but also as implying that he is not dismayed by the temporary dominance at Westminster of the faction who "banged, barred, and bolted the door," and that he is not afraid to proclaim his adherence to "the greatest political imposture of modern times." The duty of Unionists in these circumstances is clear, and, if there were any

doubt, it should be made doubly clear by the views taken at Berlin of the new situation. For the moment Germany has profited by the rejection of Reciprocity, which would have left her the only great commercial country to which the Canadian General Tariff applied in its entirety. The hope was, however, cherished that Mr. Fielding would in due course have made some agreement whereby Germany would have escaped subjection to what would have operated virtually as another Canadian surtax. This hope has now been abandoned, and it is thought that Mr. Borden will not make any other trade agreements until a system of Imperial Preference has been devised. It may not be inappropriate here to mention the suggestion that the Canadian Tariff should be lifted out of party politics by the appointment of a permanent Tariff Commission. The suggestion is one which Mr. Borden has promised to adopt, and one which, as applied to this country, might be well worth consideration.

With regard to defence Mr. Borden will have a difficult course to steer, but he is fortunate in being independent of the votes of Mr. Bourassa and his party. Mr. Borden has declared that the Laurier naval policy "would not add an iota to the fighting strength of the Empire." Little as yet has been done to give effect to that policy, and it may well be that Mr. Borden will advance the view that Canada is not yet ripe for a navy of her own, and that, until she is ripe, she will aid the Mother Country in the same sort of way as New Zealand has done.

Other matters which are sure soon to engage Mr. Borden's attention and

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which must be briefly mentioned are such questions as the construction of the Hudson Bay Railway and its operation by an independent commission, the construction of terminal elevators to be worked under Government control, and the encouragement of the chilled meat industry.

One last, and that a very important point remains. It is confidently expected (and the expectation is a sincere tribute to the courage, honesty, and integrity of the man) that Mr. Borden will do much to check political corruption. Here Sir Wilfrid Laurier, for all his personal integrity, failed lamentably. One well-known public man recently described the situation under the Liberals as one of "widespread, systematic and ruthless robbery," and Mr. Joseph Martin, K.C. (a Liberal and a supporter of Reciprocity), declared that "all Government contracts, concessions and privileges, including even the appointment of judges, are put up for public competition and go to the highest bidder." By his promise to appoint a permanent Tariff Commission Mr. Borden has made an auspicious start which will be welcomed by all who have felt the shame and degradation of the Red Parlor. That Mr. Borden will succeed in stamping out "graft" altogether is unfortunately improbable, but he can at least take to heart the statement of one journal that "the slush funds did not hurt the Government half so much as the reluctance to investigate slush fund charges." If (as there is every reason to believe) he has both the courage and the determination to cope with this evil, Canada will have double cause to bless the day when she passed by the golden casket of American Reciprocity.

Maxwell H. H. Macartney.

THE FUTURE OF CHINA.

During the past fifteen years there have been two sets of opinions about China and her future. We have been told a hundred times that China was at last awakening; we have been told a hundred times that she was on the verge of dismemberment and decomposition. Both those who spoke of her as an embryo Japan and those who compared her to a stranded whale were perhaps equally wide of the mark. The former were premature; the latter were simply mistaken. Between the year of Germany's seizure of Kiao-chow and the year of the Boxer upheaval there was an undoubted danger that the Celestial Empire might be torn asunder and violently partitioned by the Powers of Europe. That danger has passed. It was removed to an indefinite distance by the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; it disappeared altogether when the defeat of Russia left Japan the master of the Far East. Whatever happens we are not likely again to witness the scramble for "spheres of influence," the barely veiled schemes for carving up the Middle Kingdom, that were the pivot of the Chinese question in the closing decade of the nineteenth century.

On the other hand, the prophets of the resurrection of China, though fundamentally in the right, were technically in the wrong. They misjudged the time at which the awakening would take place and the pace at which it would proceed; they underrated the enormous difficulties in the path of Chinese progress; and they were misled by the analogy of Japan. It is really only since the Boxer rising of 1900 that China has begun to move at all decisively, and though much has unquestionably been achieved since then it did not need the present rebellion to

convince one that Chinese regeneration could never advance along Japanese lines. The two countries, as a matter of fact, have far more points of divergence than of similarity. Japan was always a compact island kingdom. China has never been anything but a disjointed congeries of semi-independent satrapies. Japan has never been without a sense of unity, of loyalty, of obedience. China even now has barely caught the first faint glimmerings of a national consciousness; the horizon of her people is still in the main bounded by the family and the village; fatherland and the State are still abstractions to her diversified millions; she has never been grounded in any traditions of self-sacrifice or devotion. Japan had the advantage of hereditary ruling clans imbued with the martial spirit, and in her hour of stress they proved a reservoir of militant leaders. China has had no natural rulers, has always despised the profession of arms, and is permeated through and through with the spirit of materialism. Reforms in Japan could spring from the top; in China, if they are to endure, they can only be the result of pressure from below.

None the less it seemed for a while as if China under the shrewd and masterful guidance of the late Dowager Empress, who hated innovation but saw the necessity of seeming to yield to it, might effect a miraculous transformation. There was a shower of Imperial edicts ordaining reforms in batches. The old examination system was swept away, and the minutiae of Chinese scholarship and the teachings of Confucius were dethroned in favor of modern Western learning. Chinese youths of the governing classes went in hundreds and thousands to Japan, to America, and to Europe, returning

home alive to their country's deficiencies and filled with renovating zeal. There was a cult of youth. The provincial Viceroyalties and the chief administrative posts in Peking began to be filled with foreign-educated men in the prime of life. More than one move was made towards a handier and more centralized form of government. A native Press sprang up carrying instruction to the remotest provinces; the building of railways for the first time revealed China to the Chinese; schools and colleges multiplied; some formal but significant steps were taken towards the unification of Chinese currencies; above all, to the amazement of the outer world, an extraordinary improvement was effected in the equipment, discipline, morale, and standing of the Chinese army, and a proclamation announced the establishment of Provincial Assemblies as the forerunners of a national Chinese Parliament.

The ultimate and conscious aim of these reforms and of the spirit behind them was and is to make China mistress in her own household, to employ Western knowledge and Western methods to protect herself for the future against Western aggression, to build up a modern, cohesive, and powerful State strong enough to assert its sovereignty over all within its borders, and to keep its resources in its own control and develop them, if possible, without foreign assistance. Had the Dowager-Empress been spared for another ten years these aims might have been well on the way to fulfilment. But there was no one to wield her authority, to hold things together as she held them, or to carry on her work of balancing liberalism with reaction. With her death came a relapse into the old familiar chaos. The strong and able administrators she had gathered around her were sent into retirement one by one, and their places taken by old men in their dotage or young and

ignorant princes of the reigning family. Prince Chun, the Regent, has displayed precisely that kind of weakness and vacillation which makes every subordinate afraid to assume the slightest responsibility, and competent observers declare that there never was a time during the past fifty years when the Imperial Government was so heedless and Chinese officialdom so invertebrate and administrative policy so deformed by puerility and corruption. The army to-day is but a mockery of the promising force organized seven years ago by Yuan-shih-kai. In uniformity and efficiency, in equipment and discipline, it has steadily deteriorated. The public-school system launched some nine years ago by an American educational expert has practically disappeared since it came under Chinese control, and the official management of the railroads and especially of the Peking-Hankow line, that have passed into Chinese hands, has been such that foreign loans have had to be floated to keep the permanent way in workable repair.

There are four vital reforms that must be carried if China is ever to realize the modern conception of what a State should be. First, authority and power must be vested in Peking to an extent sufficient to abolish once and for all the system under which each Viceroy raises troops, coins money, levies taxes, rules on a plan of his own, and keeps for himself as much of the revenue as he dares. Secondly, there must be a complete financial reorganization involving a national budget, national currency and taxation systems, and the regularization of all official salaries. Thirdly, the Viceroys must be deprived of their independent control of military affairs, and a War Department must be created to raise, drill, and arm the forces of the Empire on a uniform system. Finally, the vast gap left by the abolition of the old learning and the system of official appointments

and preferments based upon it must be filled by a national organization of education. Little or nothing has been accomplished along any of these lines since the death of the Dowager-Empress. Meanwhile the new spirit which, however unwillingly, she fostered and directed has spread among the masses and has flared up in a rebellion aimed directly at the dynasty as the embodiment of all the reactionary futilities and fickleness that hinder progress. All apparently that stands between the Manchus and destruction is the lack of a popular leader. If one emerges from the turmoil China may yet work out her own salvation.

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If not, no one imagines that the Celestial Empire will be permitted to drift indefinitely in a whirlpool of revolutionary chaos. Japan watches events in China as closely as, and with far more understanding than, America watches Cuba and Mexico, and in a not dissimilar spirit. She is meditating no designs; she is hatching no schemes of domination—but she is watching. Somehow or other China has got to be hammered into strength and coherency. It will save many international complications if the feat can be performed from within, by the Chinese themselves, instead of from without, by someone else.

Sydney Brooks.

A BONFIRE OF THE BOOKS.

Mr. Gosse's proposal to burn all the bad books is at first thought hugely attractive. We should nearly all of us like to take a hand in stoking the fire at Mr. Gosse's day of judgment. Especially would men who make bread and cheese by writing enjoy the burning process. It would be so agreeable to us to see the bad writings of our rivals go on to the flame that we should be able doubtless to bear with some equanimity the sight of some of our friends' good writings going the same way. Not only would the writers themselves benefit by the burning—the writers who were burnt still more than the writers who were spared, for the burnt ones would be free at once to begin on new books; it would be almost as good as an entire edition sold out on the day of publication. The readers would benefit—it is indeed so clear they would be gainers that one need not discuss their case at all. The publishers would benefit—it would be almost as good as a big "remainder" for them. The booksellers would bene-

fit—for the shelves of the libraries would be virtually vacant and there would be at once a great demand for a new lot of books. Thus we should all look forward with enthusiasm to the periodical bonfire of books which Mr. Gosse is anxious to begin. The only protests might by the way come from some publishers of an economic turn of mind; they might point out—and there would be a good deal in their contention—that the condemned volumes instead of being burnt might well be pulped. What a pulped book exactly signifies may be obscure to people outside the pen and ink business; but the term is perhaps not unfamiliar to authors of books—far from necessarily bad books, on the contrary indeed!—that have languished long on the publisher's shelf. Did not the "White Doe of Rylstone"—a pretty good book as books go to-day!—languish thus? One recalls the parody:

*It's still on Longman's shelf, and oh!
The difference to him.*

Only in those days pulping was proba-

bly not practised. It was reserved for the day of the six-shilling novel and the first decade of the twentieth century, when books became a sort of factory business.

If, then, the proposal is so attractive, and such good business from the point of view of the writers, the "reading public" of to-day, the publishers, the booksellers, why, it may be asked, not set to work at once to separate the corn and chaff and begin the burning? Alas, there is an objection to the plan, an objection which outweighs ten thousand times all the arguments of Mr. Gosse and his friends in favor of it. The point is that now and then something would get on the bonfire which is of value, even of rare value, to literature, and therefore to life. It is better that the shelves of the Free Libraries and the shelves and cellars of the British Museum should be laden with rubbish than that the work which the gods meant to live, and which therefore was a failure at its birth, should be lost. If Mr. Gosse's plan had prevailed of old, who can doubt that some of the best things in our literature to-day would have been lost for ever? The "Lyrical Ballads" would probably have been burnt if a bonfire had been due at about the time of their appearance. Chatterton's poems would have been destroyed wholly. FitzGerald would never have stood the ghost of a chance. We should know about as much of Keats to-day as we know of, say, Sappho. Even if their contemporaries spared them, succeeding generations would very likely have cleared them off the shelf and put them on the fire. Mr. Gosse might not have been able to find a copy in this world of the little book of maxims and reflections by Penn which he edited with enthusiasm and taste ten years or so since. The greatest poem, perhaps the one poem of supreme merit, in the eighteenth century would assuredly have got on to the fire.

What earthly chance would "A Song to David" have had?

"Oh," Mr. Gosse's party may reply, "we quite agree that the greatest care must be taken not to sacrifice a masterpiece small or large. There will be no risk of that. Only the finest judges of what is good and what worthless in letters will be entrusted with the work." To which the answer is that those finest judges, those judges who cannot err, simply don't exist; or, if they do exist, how can we tell that they will be chosen? One has no belief in the claim of infallibility in literature. It is as hard at least to be infallible in literature as in life. And who are to appoint the infallible judge, and how are we to feel sure that his electors are competent to elect?

No, to-day of all days is not for this. Too clearly we have no claim to be regarded as a literary age. If indeed we had any real claim to be so regarded, Mr. Gosse would never have called for a bonfire of the books. Literature to-day, roughly, can be divided into two sections. The first—of course by far the larger—consists of a vast weight of formless printed matter, made up of collections of dead and stale words. A profound gloom enfolds us thinking of or wading in this awful welter of human energy. The second class consists of a comparatively small, but clearly a growing, body of more fastidious work by, not perhaps creative, still clever minds, rather superficial it may be, seeming-good, not actually good, glittering with the false shine that cheats those who were born to be cheated in these matters; still glittering—which no doubt is something. If one could be quite sure that it ended at this, and that the choice of the burner would only lie between the books of gloom and the books of glitter, there would be no need to deny Mr. Gosse his way. The sooner he began them, the better for trade—and, Heaven knows, not the

worse for literature. But it is the few choice things, rare things, which each generation, ours with the rest, gives unconscious and unobserved to the world, that in the end matter supremely, and these would probably go on the fire with the ruck. These are the fine-

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pointed needles of Mr. Gosse's metaphor that are now hid in the bunches of hay—needles not reviewed at the time of publication, with columns of praise and quotation! How shall the world be nearer to finding needles through Mr. Gosse's firing the rick?

BOOKS TO THE BONFIRE.

[A contribution to the discussion on the crying need for our libraries to be purged by fire.]

This weary mass of stuff that lines my wall,

With painted skins or buckram backed and flanked,

What *is* there in these objects, after all,

That they should seem to me so sacrosanct?

Row after row in steady iteration,

These little ink-marks, made on rag or pulp—

At the mere thought of their proposed cremation

Why does my larynx give a choky gulp?

Now that I think of it, I do not know

Why this is so.

Why do I guard (some do it under glass)

Each volume in its sacred niche or nook?

Is it for merit, first or second class,

Or just because it calls itself a Book?

Although of their insides and those who wrote 'em

Ninety per cent. induce a dull despair,

Yet, as a savage contemplates his totem,

So I assume with them a reverent air.

He worships it and would be much concerned

To see it burned.

Dry-eyed I mark my other goods decay;

Curtains and carpets fade and leave me cold;

The paper from my walls is rapt away

And new designs (at Spring) replace the old;

By decades I renew the kitchen boiler

And bid the relics to the scrapper go,

But on my precious books if Time the spoiler

Should lay his hand they stick *in statu quo*.

New ones may come and want a vacant site,

But they sit tight.

At times I think a sacrilegious thought:

I stop to ask why I, who have no use

For feats of prairie-trotters, ever bought

That tale, *Through Manitoba on a Moose*:

How one who loves to tread the Muse's track, but
 Abhors the lesser guides, allowed himself
 To have and keep *With Dulcimer and Sackbut*,
 Or *Kindred Soul-Pants* on his poets' shelf.
 These last were gifts, but still their natural fate
 Is in the grate.

Though courtiers' gossip chills me to the bone,
 And guardsmen bore me when their waists are slim,
 Here's *Crowned Heads I have Patted* (gilt-edged roan),
 And *Beauchamp of the Blues* (half-calf—like him);
 And, though my views of life afloat are cynical
 (It makes me sick and sailors are so blunt),
 I cling to *Forty Years Aboard the Binnacle*;
 Also to *Yoicks!* and yet I never hunt.
 I have not read them since my childhood's day,
 But there they stay.

The room to which their betters have a claim
 (Pipe-racks, for instance, or a clear blank space)
 They block; yet if I fling them to the flame
 I smack my holiest instincts in the face;
 My only hope of losing what I cherish
 (To "Ella's" inspiration be the praise)
 Is that my total house (insured) should perish,
 And all this dry-rot swell the common blaze.
 Roast pig was thus secured without a cook,
 Why not roast book?

Punch.

Owen Seaman.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Bradley Gilman contrives to salt with considerable real information the uncommonly readable story for boys which he calls "The Sultan's Rival." The hero, an American boy just ready for Harvard, is kidnapped at Cadiz and carried to a boat bearing arms to rebels against the Sultan of Morocco. Shipwreck follows, and adventures in the desert with Bedouins, all shared by a young English lad, whose parrot plays an ingenious part. Small, Maynard & Co.

by another equally attractive—"Just Patty." The heroine is as whimsical and amusing as ever, and though the sum total of her achievements may seem a bit apocryphal to prosy middle-aged readers, it will be joyously accepted by those to whom it is offered. Patty manages a crabbed old millionaire and an invading burglar with equal ease and poise. She lives with zest and acts always with éclat. The Century Co.

Jean Webster follows her popular story "When Patty Went to College,"

"Ember Light" sounds like the title of a gentle pastoral of old age, but it is really the name of a story of young

married life. The struggles and unhappiness of two young couples are sympathetically told, as well as their ideals and their fulfilment. Roy Rolfe Gilson has here used all his well-known power of creating tender and gentle sentiment, yet the book does not lack strength. The men are drawn well and the women with unusual discernment. The novel is charmingly graceful. The Baker & Taylor Co.

Gilbert Watson's "Toddie" is a whimsical, leisurely tale to be read aloud on a long afternoon or a winter evening. Toddie is a caddie at Saint Andrews, as dry and shrewd as the usual Scot of fiction. He and his master, both of them confirmed bachelors, not to say woman-haters, find themselves courting simultaneously a charming young golfer and her maid. The tale is slight and the hold of the story slender, but those who like a graceful character sketch will find real enjoyment in the book. The Century Co.

Richard Washburn Child, author of "Jim Hands," has published a collection of magazine stories under the title "The Man In the Shadow." The tale which gives its name to the book is one of the best of an extremely good collection. Mr. Child's methods and his knowledge of character suggest the qualities of O. Henry and he handles an unusual situation in much the same way. As an interpreter of men he shows his keenest powers; his women are less real. Each story has emotional strength and individuality; as a collection the book is representative of the best magazine product of to-day. The Macmillan Co.

M. J. Rendall, author of "Sinai in Spring, or The Best Desert in the World" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) disarms criticism at the outset by admitting that he has not written either as a

sportsman, a geologist or an Oriental scholar, but merely as a plain man on holiday. His certainly was a happy holiday, and the enthusiasm which finds expression in his title pervades his book from beginning to end. His pictures of Sinai and its people as seen to-day are vivid and will convey as illuminating an impression to his readers as if his tone were more serious and his book more ponderous. Nearly fifty illustrations from photographs add interest to the text.

Only one who knew well the varying moods of various sorts of children could have selected the material which Clifton Johnson has put into his "Little Folks' Book of Verse,"—the latest volume in his admirable series of "Golden Books for Children." Many selections of verse for children have been made of material which older folks thought that children ought to like, but for which they had no craving whatever. The verse which Mr. Johnson has selected, however, is not over the heads of children: some of it is serious, historical, descriptive, and some gay and whimsical, but all of it is easily within the comprehension of boys and girls of ten or twelve. There are eight full-page illustrations by Mary R. Bassett. Baker & Taylor Co.

An essay combining charm and seriousness of purpose is Eliot Norton's "Lincoln, Lover of Mankind." The author begins with the statement that few men have earned the right to be called lovers of humanity. To love a class, to fellowship with a class, is common enough; but to love all—stable-boys, scholars, merchant-princes, philosophers, enemies—this is not given to many. From all history he selects three men who have attained this height—Saladin, Chaucer and Walter Scott—and above them all ranks Lincoln, citing, from widely different

sources, evidence to prove that Lincoln was at home with his whole race. In passing, Mr. Norton defends Lincoln against the charge of immoderate and indecorous story-telling. Moffat, Yard & Co.

It is more than eighty years since Richard H. Dana, Jr., wrote his "Two Years Before the Mast,"—a veritable account of his own experiences on an American merchantman. It has held its place ever since as a classic among narratives of sea adventure, and it is to-day far more diverting and exciting than most sea stories which are wholly fiction. The attractive edition of the book which the Macmillan Company publishes this season, decorated with twenty spirited illustrations in color by Charles Pears, will draw to it many new readers. The sailing ship is fast passing; but this vivid and picturesque account of life on board of one in the first half of the last century has an interest which is heightened rather than lessened by that fact.

A distinct and diverting addition to fairy tales and folk lore of the kind that appeals to the fancy of children has been made by Dr. William Elliott Griffiths in the volume entitled "The Unmannerly Tiger and Other Korean Tales" (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.) The author, who was then in Japan, first discovered these tales in the symbols carried upon the Korean banners, when the "hermit Kingdom" was invaded forty years ago. There are nineteen tales altogether, which Dr. Griffiths here retells in a style well adapted to the comprehension of children. They have a flavor all their own, and are so characteristic of the Oriental imagination and throw so much light upon the thoughts and beliefs of the strange people whose national life is now extinct that they will appeal to all lovers and students of folk lore.

"Adrian Savage" by Lucas Malet is distinguished by its fearless handling of an unusual situation. A brilliant young Parisian is suddenly called from his work and his courtship of a lovely young widow to be the executor of the estate of a cousin in England. The elder of the two daughters of the English relative is a morbid, repressed, unattractive person named Joanna, who quite unjustifiably falls in love with Adrian. This is the central situation. The rather bourgeoisie sister and her love-affair, Mme. St. Leger and her indecisions are well-managed parts of the several plots. The author's pose is somewhat cynical at times, but the story rings true at the climaxes. The book has emotional power and the characters live. The poor morbid Joanna may be overdrawn, but the portrayal of Adrian himself is discriminating and of compelling interest. Harper & Bros.

Perhaps some of the best loved books in the world are books about children but for both children and grownups, "Honey Sweet" by Edna Turpin is exactly one of this kind. An irresistible little heroine is Anne Lewis, and she wins her way directly to one's heart from the first chapter. There is a sweet sturdiness and a sunny integrity about her character which are very appealing. In the course of the story there is much injustice done this child, but she emerges from bitter experiences with a rare spirit which does not seem forced or unnatural. The title of the book is taken from the name of Anne's beloved doll, which, by the way, plays a very prominent part and is the means of bringing little Anne to her own at last. Eminently suited to the story are the illustrations, winsome and beautiful; and without exaggeration this may be called one of the most delightful juveniles of the year. The Macmillan Company.

Lillian Whiting's new book, "The Brownings: Their Life and Art," is interesting and of value chiefly because of some thirty new letters written by the poet to his friend, Mrs. Arthur Bronson of Venice, during the latter years of his life, and now printed for the first time. They are a distinct and pleasant addition to one's knowledge. For the rest, the book is a readable version of the biographies of the two, well selected on the whole, and evenly written. Mr. Robert Barrett Browning has added to the intimate nature of the book with his memories of his parents; in reconstructing the days of "Penini's" childhood, Miss Whiting often attains a considerable degree of vividness. She holds a brief for Mrs. Browning's eminent sanity and poise in opposition to the not uncommon impression that her invalidism must have affected her point of view. Little, Brown & Co.

In "The Loser Pays" by Mary Openshaw, we have a new story of the French Revolution told as the reminiscences of one who was a child at the time. This boy, Louis DeLisle, had an unequalled opportunity for observing both sides of the conflict. His family were of the old aristocracy, with the exception of his father, who had gone over to the side of the people, and who was the author of "The Marseillaise." Thus at one time in the narrative Louis is received at the Royal Palace as the playmate of the Dauphin, and at another he is ragged and hungry at his father's side in the streets of Paris. From this new standpoint the familiar incidents of those stirring times take on a fresh interest. There is a grace about the narrative that is exceptionally pleasing, and the domestic life of the time is made very vivid. One sometimes wonders at the extraordinary powers of judgment in a child so young as is pictured, but on the

whole the boy Louis is a charming addition to the children of literature. Small, Maynard Company.

A unique and puzzling situation is the theme of "I Fasten a Bracelet," by David Potter. The greatest asset of the book is the breathless suspense in which it undeniably and successfully holds the reader. Just why a beautiful young American girl should be obliged to wear a bracelet which was formerly the badge of servitude of an African slave; why she was under a vow of obedience to Craig Schuyler, the explorer, is the problem which we can hardly wait to have solved for us. Of course the underlying motives prove of the best in the end, and the conception is a most unusual one. The action is brisk, and the repartee quick and pleasing. Doubtless the author considers a certain brutality of attitude in his hero wholly justifiable by circumstances, but all readers may not agree with him. The book is original certainly, and skilful in technique, and its faults have the virtue of being bold rather than insidious. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Marie Corelli's latest novel, "The Life Everlasting" purports to be the story of the meeting and happiness of two souls who have been unfortunately separated in several previous incarnations. The girl is a guest on the yacht of some friends and the man comes sailing in his own mysterious vessel, propelled by some power as yet unknown to the rest of the world. He is wonderful in every respect because of his entire psychic control. The girl realizes immediately that she loves him, but insists before she will join herself to him, on acquiring the same power that he possesses. To that end she goes to a master and is put to a long and terrible test. Miss Corelli has taken as premises some more or

less generally accepted scientific facts, and shrewdly combines them, in a manner which will no doubt be convincing to her readers, with religious beliefs and fanciful pseudo-scientific deductions of her own. Theories threaten to swamp the rather slender story, but as a rule the strength of the descriptions holds. The account of the ordeal, in particular, is really powerful. George H. Doran Co.

In "The Case of Richard Meynell" Mrs. Humphry Ward shows all her best and most characteristic powers. Her theme is one that she loves and understands, the struggle between a strong man's love for his Church and what he believes to be the truth; she develops it with the skill she always commands, and weaves with it, not only in the outward happenings of the story, but in Richard Meynell's inner consciousness, the life of a girl almost as alive with hot-blooded youth as Laura in "Helbeck of Bannisdale." Robert Elsmere's wife and daughter, the parish life of a little English town, glimpses of brilliant society and, more than all, clearly differentiated types of clergymen of both parties are as real as the people and places of Mrs. Ward's other books. The figure of the bishop is peculiarly appealing, as is that of Meynell's ward, Hester Fox-Wilson. The story of the persecution of the seceding clergyman is told with a delicacy and a firmness of touch that belong to Mrs. Ward alone. Curiously, the climax fails to carry as much effect as some other parts of the book, but that perhaps is inevitable in a story that can end only with a question, a question as to the future of the Church. Doubleday Page & Co.

"The Belmont Book" is presented to the reader by means of an introduction by Arnold Bennett, but this fact is by no means its greatest claim to distinc-

tion. Its author is "Vados," which the introduction assures us is the pseudonym of a French woman who is also a novelist of renown. A collection of sketches of life in a Normandy village, the book is described as "a human nature book," and is a perfect and artistic transcript of provincial life. To the author is ascribed, "the temperament of the universal, bland, kindly spectator and listener, whose essential quality is imaginative sympathy." Above the interest of incident and character found within the pages, is the writer's unusual and distinctive personality. The purely literary value of the book is great; the sustained good humor vivified by occasional flashes of sharp wit, the restrained and telling pathos, make rare reading. Many of the stories possess an absorbing interest in themselves. The chapter entitled, "An Emerald Necklace," is delightfully romantic, and anything more amusing than "Autour D'un Marriage" would be hard to find. In the midst of present day fiction "The Belmont Book" stands unique, a book to be permanently loved, and referred to again and again. E. P. Dutton & Company.

"Across China on Foot," is, as might be expected from the title, an intimate, personal account of a journey of unusual interest and variety. More than that, the book is a valuable source of the information so eagerly sought just now about that enigmatic country. The opinions of Mr. E. T. Dingle, the author, are those of an experienced British traveller and journalist, and he has put them in extremely readable form. He went into parts of China never visited before by any white men except the missionaries, and for that reason, too, his estimates of many questions are most illuminating. He does not dogmatize, but gives his judgments in a straightforward, simple way. Several tribes entirely unknown to the

general reader, he describes with great discernment. The appendix will by most people be found of greatest interest, for there he gives, in a more detailed form than in the body of the work, accounts of the Hankow riots of last February, of the building of one of the great railways of China, an estimate of the rebel cause and of missionary endeavor, and discussions of other vital questions. The illustrations are of more than usual excellence and number, and as interesting as the text. Henry Holt & Co.

Years of Italian residence and travel and much patient study and research have furnished the materials for Mr. Egerton R. Williams Jr.'s "*Plain-Towns of Italy*" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), but the book is written with an ease and freshness which do not at all suggest the labor of preparation. Some years ago, the author published a volume on "*Hill-Towns in Italy*" in which he described a journey through Central Italy. In the present volume, with even more fulness of detail, he takes his readers through Upper Italy, and describes for them Padua, Vicenza, Varese, Bassano, Castelfranco, Conegliano, Treviso, Maser, Udine, Cividale, Verona, Brescia, Battaglia and other cities and towns, some of them already well-known to tourists, and others comparatively little-known and lying off the beaten paths of travel. He weaves into his descriptions enough of history to give his pictures of to-day a setting and he writes with discriminating enthusiasm of the natural beauties and the rich and varied products of Italian art and architecture,—the churches and cathedrals, the paintings and statues. The book will not displace Baedeker for the region traversed, for it is not of the guide-book order; yet it gives particulars regarding routes and hostels, the fruit of personal experience, which travellers will find extremely

useful. But it is perhaps to fireside travellers, far outnumbering actual tourists, that the book makes its strongest appeal. They will receive from it a vivid impression both of the storied past and the picturesque present of these Venetian towns and cities; and their pleasure will be enhanced by the fifty illustrations from photographs which are scattered through the book.

The popular appreciation which many of Katharine Lee Bates's poems have met, as they have appeared in the magazines, has not deterred discriminating readers from recognizing in her work a quality to delight the most fastidious; but the complete collection of her poetry just published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company holds surprises even for her warmest admirers. The poems are arranged in groups, and the volume takes its name from the first of the patriotic group with which it opens,—"*America The Beautiful*,"—which has been already set to music and widely sung. The lyrics, sonnets and ballads that follow range in sentiment from the exultant to the austere, but the writer's rare felicity of expression and exquisite adaptation of form to thought are seen to even better advantage in the later group beginning with the dainty triolet "*Love Planted a Rose*." Many moods are voiced in the three series called "*The Ideal*," "*What Is The Spirit*," and "*In Praise of Nature*." Vivid flashes of description mark the quatrains which make "*The Wander Year*," and "*Popples*," in the same group, has a joyous lilt not easily forgotten. The poet's gift has been poured out lavishly in memory of friends, and "*Azrael*" is followed by many other poems of poignant and haunting beauty. "*The White Pinnacle*," "*Threnody*," "*The Funeral of Phillips Brooks*," and "*The Rest is Silence*" rise to a level not often reached by contemporary verse. The transla-

tions from Spanish Folk-Song which close the volume have a piquant flavor all their own.

"Touring in 1600" by E. S. Bates, is a travel record of unique interest and with a flavor all its own. It is drawn from the diaries and letters and published narratives of travellers who "did" Europe three hundred years ago under conditions as far as possible removed from twentieth-century motor-ing. Touring was a serious matter in those days: involving delays and discomforts, and when the tourist got over into Mohammedan Europe, real and serious dangers. The author has grouped the materials of his researches in a most diverting way. Touching briefly upon the identity of the tourists, he describes their guides and advisers, the routes which they followed, the experiences which befell them, the inns at which they stopped and the demands which their journeys made upon their purse. Delightful as is the text, it is scarcely more so than the illustrations, thirty or more in number, which are all drawn from contemporary sources and bring vividly before the reader both the means and the goals of travel three centuries ago. A list of special references and a bibliography attest the extent of the researches of which the book is the fruit; but the author is not in the least of the dry-as-dust type, whose sole merit is the extent of their studies. He is never dull, never too discursive and often delightfully witty. Students of history and book collectors will find the book a prize; and to the general reader its brightness and its vivid human interest will make a strong appeal. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

The "Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett," edited and prefaced with the fastidiousness that was to have been expected from her close friend, Mrs. Fields, will bring keen delight to those who loved

her books. The Miss Jewett of the "Letters" is all that the most devoted and discriminating reader had dreamed. Her rare power of enjoyment appears on every page. "Friday night, late. I have dared to look into Tennyson's 'life,' late as it is, and I believe that I have read the greater part of it, making believe that I was only cutting the leaves. . . . That story of Tolstol's was such an excitement that I did not sleep till almost morning. What a wonderful thing it is! I long to talk with you about it, but do let us think a good deal! . . . Class Day (1901) was really an exquisite thing to see. The people, too, though they were going on to the next pleasure, had a look of leisure as they went along the paths, as if they were counting over the last pleasure instead of anticipating a new one. There was such a satisfaction in the beauty of the whole afternoon's festival." Bits of incident, here and there, show the same loving insight which marked her studies of New England life. Of a call on an old friend, broken in mind, she writes: "All her touching little politenesses and acts of hospitality were evidently in her mind, but it was like listening to an indistinct telephone." There are pretty glimpses of her household routine. "I set Stubby (her nephew) and an impoverished friend who needed money for the Fourth, to digging plantains out of the grass at fifteen cents the hundred, whereupon they redoubled their diligence till they got \$1.65 out of me at dinner time. And I transplanted a lot of little sunflowers and put hellebore on the gooseberry bushes and wrote a lot of notes for the 'Berwick Scholar' on account of the Centennial arrangements—" Of her own childhood she writes: "I who was brought up with grand-fathers and grand-uncles and aunts for my best playmates. They were not the wine that one can get at so much the dozen now." Of publish-

ing: "I wonder if in heaven our best thoughts—poets' thoughts, especially—will not be flowers, somehow, or some sort of beautiful live things that stand about and grow, and don't have to be chaffered over and bought and sold." In a different mood: "So few of us know what a stern judge *print* is in itself; what a sifter and weigher of values, how astonishing its calm verdict when a book is *done*." Distinguished names—English and Continental as well as American—occur often in this correspondence, but some of the longest letters are of welcome and encouragement to younger writers. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Lovers of exquisite typography and attractive format have long learned to look forward, from year to year, to the "Mosher books." Printed from type in editions limited to a few hundred copies, they have not only immediate interest but an increasing value as the years pass, and the books become more rare. Not the least pleasing feature of them is the fact that, while they are published with typographic attractions usually lavished only upon high-priced books, they are offered at very reasonable prices,—ranging, in this year's issues, from twenty-five cents for Stevenson's "Will O' the Mill" and Vernon Lee's "Sister Benvenuta and the Christ Child" in the Vest Pocket Series to two dollars for Maurice Hewlett's "Earthwork Out of Tuscany." This last is a reprint of the now rare first edition, originally printed in 1895,—except that to the fifteen essays contained in that edition are added an essay "On Bolls and the Ideal," and three sonnets, apropos of Botticelli's *Simonetta*, which Mr. Hewlett published two years prior to the publication of his "Earthwork." Mr. Hewlett's "A Masque of

Dead Florentines,"—one of his most striking productions, appears in the Venetian Series, and like Oscar Wilde's "The Sphinx" in the same series, is done up in eighteenth century Italian paper in colors. Oscar Wilde's "Salome" translated from the French text by Lord Alfred Douglas, and furnished with an appreciative "Foreword" by Mr. Mosher, and a characteristically defiant introduction by Lord Douglas is published in a luxurious wide-margined edition limited to 500 copies. In a foolscap octavo volume, in an edition limited to 450 copies, we have Francis Thompson's "Poems," reprinted from the first edition of 1893, with the addition of three hitherto uncollected Odes, and prefaced with an enthusiastic but discriminating "Foreword" by Mr. Mosher, and a brief tribute by Arthur Symonds, written upon the poet's death, in November, 1907. "Chrysanthema" is a garland of selections from the Greek anthology, wrought into charming English verse upon a running thread of appreciative comment by William M. Hardinge, and first reprinted from the English review in which they had been allowed to slumber, in Mr. Mosher's "Bibelot" in 1903. In the "Lyric Garland Series" we have a volume of Sonnets and Songs by Arthur Upson; Moira O'Neill's "Songs of the Glens of Antrim,"—poems with the real Celtic flavor; and "Passages from the Song Celestial" by Edwin Arnold; and in the "Golden Text Series" Whittier's "Snowbound" and "Threnody and Other Lyrics" by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Mr. Barrie's tribute to George Meredith,—which Mr. Mosher printed in his last year's catalogue, is reprinted now in a booklet, which completes the enumeration of this year's group of "Mosher books." Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.